



E. Kirkall



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TOTTENHAM-COURT FAIR:

A Pleasant

COMEDY.

Written by THOMAS NABBS.



L O N D O N,

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THE HAM-COURT

R. A. R.

Y. M. E. D. Y.

Y. M. E. D. Y.



To the Worshipful

WILLIAM MILLS, Esq;

SIR,

THough I know your Affection to things of this kind is not such, that you covet Mens notice of it, I am bold to prefix your Name to this, as a publick Declaration of the Gratitude I owe you. If you vouchsafe the reading of it, you will find (after the light Title) a light Subject, more gravely drest than the vulgar perhaps expected: who please their Senses oftner with Shows, than their Intellects with the true Moral End of Plays, Instruction. That you should authorize it after the Stages Tryal was not my Intention (for you are none of those that glory to be

A 2

thought

THE EPISTLE.

thought judicious this way, your Studies and Employments being more high and serious) but that in your Acceptance of it, you would shew your self pleased with such Acknowledgments as can be render'd by

Your ever-thankful Servant,

Thomas Nabbs.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

Y'ARE welcome, Gentlemen, to Tot'nham-Court,
Where You (perhaps) expect some lusty Sport;
Such as rude Custom doth beget in May,
When straggling Numbers court that Jovial Day
With early Riot. No such thing must be
The Subject of our easie Comedy.
What then! a humerous, fiery, red-fac'd Host,
That will discourse his Guest into more Cost
Than's Cheer is worth: and lies with so much Credit,
As if 'twere Truth's Authority, he said it.
Nor this! The Author surely then intends
Some Gown-Man of the Town, that daily spends
A thrifty Penny, to preserve his Lungs,
For a full Voice 'midst the contentious Throng.
But here is no such Satyr: nor is't fit
Abuse should be the Exercise of Wit.
To feast your Sense and Minds for Cakes and Ale;
New, and not stal'd with handling, here's a Tale
Drest up of a fair Milk-Maid; whose chaste Theme
Shall close your Stomachs up instead of Cream.
Cook'ry and Wit are like: the self same Mead
Delights one's Taste, another cannot eat.
So 'tis in Fancy's Work: this Love's a Jest;
That Language; Matter pleaseth t'other best.
Our Play's not larded with great Store of these:
And how the Relish of their Salt will please
'Tis doubtful. Yet We are the less afraid;
Because Your Reck'ning is before-hand paid.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Worthgood. *A deserving Gentleman.*
Bellamie. *His Mistress.*

Her Uncle. *An angry Country Gentleman.*

Ciceley. *Sister to Worthgood, but unknown.*

Keeper of Marrowbone-Park.

Slip. *His Man.*

Frank.

George.

} *Two Courtiers.*

Changelove. *A Phantastick Gallant.*

Stitchwell. *A Taylor of the Strand.*

His Wife.

James. *A wild young Gentleman of the Inns of Court.*

Sam. *A fine Gentleman of the Inns of Court, and Brother to Bellamie.*

Hostess.

Tapster.

Servant.

Two Country-men.

Wench.

A Porter.

The SCENE,

Tottenham-Court, and the Fields about it.

TOTEN

TOTENHAM-COURT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Worthgood and Bellamie, as travelling together before Day.

Worthgood. **C**OME, my Delight, let not such painted
Griefs
Press down thy Soul: The Darkneſs but
presents

Shadows of Fear, which ſhould ſecure us beſt from Danger
of Purſuit.

Bell. Would it were Day: My Apprehenſion is ſo full of Horreur,
I think each Sound the Air's light Motion
Makes in theſe Thickers, is my Uncle's Voice,
Threatning our Ruines.

Worth. Let his Rage perſiſt
To enterprize a Vengeance; we'll prevent it.
Wrap't in the Arms of Night: (that favours Lovers)
We hitherto have ſcap'd his eager ſearch,
And are arriv'd near London. Sure I hear
The Bridges Catarracts, and ſuch like Murmurs
As Night and Sleep yield from a populous Number.

Bell. But when will it be Day? the Light hath Comfort.
Our firſt of uſeful Senſes being loſt,
The reſt are leſs delighted.

Worth. Th' early Cock
Hath ſung his Summons to the Day's approach:
'Twill instantly appear. Why ſtartled, Bellamie?

Totenbam-Court.

Bell. Did no amazing Sounds arrive your Ear?
Pray listen.

Worth. Come, come, 'tis thy Fear suggests
Illusive Fancies: Under Love's Protection
We may presume of Safety.

Within. Follow, follow, follow, (*She startles from him.*)

Bell. Ay me, 'tis mine Uncle, dear Love, *Worthgood.*

Worth. Astonishment hath seiz'd my Faculties.

My Love, my *Bellamie*, Ha!

Bell. Dost thou forsake me, *Worthgood*?

(*Exit, as losing himself.*)

Worth. Where's my Love?

Dart from thy Silver Crescent one fair Beam
Through this black Air; thou Governess of Night,
To shew me whither she is led by Fear:
Thou envious Darkness to assist us hither,
And now prove fatal.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

Worth. Silence your Noise, ye clamorous Ministers
Of this Injustice. *Bellamie* is lost;
She's lost to me. Nor her fierce Uncle's Rage
Who whets your eager Aptness to pursue me
With Threats or Promises; nor his painted Terrors
Of Laws Severity, could ever work
Upon the Temper of my resolute Soul,
To soften't into Fear, till she was lost: (*Hollow within.*)
Not all th' illusive Horrors which the Night
Presents unto th' Imagination
T' affright a guilty Conscience, could possess me,
Whilst I possess my Love: The dismal Shrieks
Of fatal Owls, and Groans of dying Mandrakes,
Whilst her soft Palm warm'd mine, were Musick to me.
And were this Hand but once more clasp'd in hers,
This should resist th' Assault, inspir'd by Love
With more than human Vigour.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

Worth. Their Light appears. No Safety doth consist
In Passion or Complaints. Night, let thine Arms
Again receive me; and if no kind Minister
Of better Fate guide me to *Bellamie*,

Be thou Eternal.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

SCENE II. Enter Uncle, Servants and Tenants with Lights, as pursuing them.

Unc. Come, wing your hasts: I'll sweeten all your Labours With large Rewards: Do but recover them, I'll ease your Rents; exact no costly Customs; Quarrel no more about your Commons Title. Good Neighbours forward: London's not far off.

1 Ten. 'Tis so far off, that I cannot see it.

Unc. The Day will soon discover it.

2 Ten. That Day is sure a notable Informer; yet I believe He spies more bad than he mends.

Unc. Come, follow me this way.

(Exit with his Servants.)

1 Ten. Yes, we will follow; but at some wiser distance: Stay Neighbour, let him go. Shall we rob our Carcasses of Sleep all Night, that have been sufficiently tir'd with the Day's Toils for his Reward? What will that be, think you? a Christmas Dinner; with a Chine of his great Ox that dy'd at watering of the Blain.

2 Ten. You say well, Neighbour: And a stale Hare with a great Pudding in her Belly.

1 Ten. And the Discourse of his Worship's hunting her: how many Doubles she made, and mock'd his Worship's hope of a barren Dinner so long, till he thought in his Conscience she was a Lancashire Witch.

2 Ten. Yes, Neighbour, and a Collar of Brawn that was fatten'd with stale Porridge.

1 Ten. And a Goose that broke her Neck, creeping thro' the Hedge into the Parson's Stubble.

2 Ten. No, Neighbour, let the young Couple go, and much Joy go with them. Let us take up our Rests in this Thicket, or the next House; for I am as sleepy as if I had eaten a Puppy.

1 Ten. How, eat a Puppy!

2 Ten. Yes, a Puppy; I heard our Landlord's Carter speak it last Whitsuntide in a Play.

1 *Ten.* And I am as drowfie as a Constable at Midnight.

2 *Ten.* Why then resolv'd, 'twill be Day presently ; let's put out the Candle, and go to Bed, and farewell Landlord.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. *Enter Bellamic.*

Bell. The Day begins to break ; and trembling Light,
As if affrighted with this Night's Disaster,
Steals through the farthest Air, and by degrees
Salutes my weary longings. Yet 'tis welcome,
Though it betray me to the worst of Fate
Love and Desire e'er suffer'd. Oh, my *Worthgood* !
Thy Presence would have check'd these Passions ;
And shor Delight through all the Mists of Sadness,
To guide my Fear safe through the Paths of Danger :
But thou art lost, and all my Joys are fled
Not to return without thee. (*Singing within afar off.*)

Bell. New Fears assaulr me. 'Tis a Woman's Voice.
She sings ; and in her Musicks Gheerfulness
Seems to express the Freedom of a Heart
Not chain'd to any Passions. Be propitious
Thou Regent o'er my Fate, and guide her hither
Unto my Comfort.

The SONG within.

WHAT a dainty Life the Milk-Maid leads ?
When ever the flow'ry Meads
She dabbles in the Dew,
And sings to her Cow ;
And feels not the Pain
Of Love or Disdain.
She sleeps in the Night, though she toils in the Day :
And merrily passeth her time away.

Bell. What a blest State is this ? the Mind's Content
Sweetens all Sufferings of th' afflicted Sense.
Those that are bred in Labour think it Sport
Above the soft Delights which wanton Appetite
Begets for others, whom indulgent Fortune

Prefers

Totenham-Court.

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Prefers in her degrees ; though equal Nature
Made all alike. Oh! might I change my Misery
For such a Shape of Quiet.

SCENE IV. *To her Ciceley, as going to milking.*

She comes this way,
I'll venture to accost her.

Cice. Ha! what filken Butterfly's yonder? She looks
not like one that had kept her self warm all Night at the
Brick-kils: yet silk Petticoats many times are glad with
worse lodging.

Bell. Good morrow, Maid.

Cice. Should I salute you so, 'twould bring my Wit in
question: Pray what are you?

Bell. A distress'd Maid.

Cice. A Maid at your Years, and so near London; where
the Sale of one at 15 is as rare as a light Wench's Conver-
sion. Never an early walking Gallant to take you up this
Morning! The Park here hath fine Conveniences; or *To-*
tenham-Court's close by. 'Tis suspected that fine City La-
dies give away fine things to Court Lords for a Country
Banquet there.

Bell. I cannot construe it; my Innocence makes Under-
standing useless. Good Maid, Wife, or Widow (or sure you
are a Woman) do a courteous Office to your Sex in me,
and guide me to London.

Cice. It seems you are a kind Country Gentlewoman,
that have bestow'd your Maidenhead on your Father's Ser-
ving-man, and are come up to have a Citizen soder your
broken Ware. The Policy is grown stale: 'twould hardly
take ever since the Ballad curst the Carrier that brought her
to Town.

Bell. Y'are a bad Woman sure: and from th' abundance
of your own foul Ills suspect all others.

Cice. The Toy is angry, it would fain counterfeit some-
thing: perhaps to insinuate her self, and make me her A-
gent. But you are deceiv'd my pretty Morfel of Wanton-
ness; my self and my Milk-pail are both honest: I have no
disguis'd Tone of Come, or three-penny Thrip to cloak a
Procurels,

Procurefs. I am not the Blades Intelligence whether *Frank* or *Moll* remove their Lodgings to scape the Constables Search and *Bridewell*. I will to my Cows, and leave you to the Fate of the Morning: Despair not of a Customer; but be sure I catch you not napping; for if I do, I have less Mercy than Prentices at *Shrovetide*. I hate hedge-coupling worse than fasting at *Christmas*, or a Puritan's long Grace over short Commons.

Bell. If you are good, pray stay and comfort me. The Sense of my Distress stops farther Speech.

Cice. Why let but an honest Jury (which is a kind of Wonder in *Middlesex*) find you not guilty of any thing that may make Compassion deaf——alas! she swoons; poor Gentlewoman, be comforted. Should she miscarry, I were in danger, having no Witness to purge the Suspicion of being her Murderers.

Bell. *Worthgood*, farewell.

Cice. Ha! what said she? *Worthgood*! I have heard my Father often speak that Name, and sigh after it. Alas! she is dead; her Breath scarce moves.

SCENE V. To them Keeper and Slip.

Oh! Father, you are come in time to see me undone: I met this Gentlewoman as I was going to milking, and she is fallen dead. I shall be questioned.

Keep. Why what is she?

Cice. Nay that's as hard to tell, as the Success of my danger. She nam'd one *Worthgood*.

Keep. That word strikes deep Amazement. Is she quite dead?

Cice. Dead as a Herring, Sir.

Slip. And are not you in a pickle *Cicely*? She is not dead, Sir; she breaths.

Keep. She may be recover'd. Pull her by the Nose.

Slip. Pull it off: no matter for spoiling her Face if she be dead.

Keep. Wring her by the little Finger.

Slip. Her little Finger is ring'd; and I will wring it from her.

Cice.

Totenbam-Court.

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Gice. No robbing the dead, *Slip.*

Slip. Why should the dead partake of living Ceremonies?

Keep. Cast Water on her Face.

Slip. Blow Wind in her Face. Can Water make one alive that's dead? unless it be hot Water.

Keep. Her Spirits are return'd, give her more Air.

Slip. A Woman's Spirits? they are Devilish sure: I had best conjure them back again.

Bell. Where am I! what a pleasant Vision
Pleas'd my dead Slumbers, and presented Joys.
As I was passing through th' eternal Shades
Towards *Elisium*, one of Fate's Ministers
Told me I should return; and this same day
Enjoy my *Worthgood*.

Keep. What's he should own that Name! Wonder and Doubt.

Have rais'd a War within me, Look up, Mistress:
You shall not want what Comfort we can give you.

Bell. Defend me, gentle Powers; yet ye shall never
Overtake my Heart: that's still with *Worthgood*.

Keep. For some blest Oracle to unfold the meaning
Of this so oft repeated Name.

Bell. E'er you return me to my angry Uncle,
My Soul shall flie and meet with his Embraces.

Keep. What mean you, Gentlewoman?

Bell. You are Murderers
Of that Content in me Goodness would cherish.
You serve the purposes of a passionate Man
For base Reward; and that shall render you
Base to Opinion.

Slip. Pray Sir, let me conjure down this Devil in her
Tongue; 'twill raise Tempests else. Murderers, and base!
Pray, Gentlewoman, to whom speak you all this?

Bell. To you, the Injurers of my true Love
And *Worthgood's*

Keep. Mistress, we know you not; and all your words
Appear Distraction: Nor can they satisfy
Our yet Amazement.

Bell. If you are not such
As my too fearful Apprehension thought you,

Pray,

Pray, what are ye?

Keep. Such as do compassionate
Your feeling Sorrows, and would comfort you.

Bell. You'll then perform an Act of Piety,
Worthy Record. Since my Distress hath made me
The Object of your Pity; pray conduct me
To some near House, for I am wondrous faint.

Keep. Go home with her, Daughter; use your best Care
in administering to her: we know not what Fate depends
upon it. When I have walk'd the round I'll return.

(*Exeunt.*)

Slip. But pray *Cicely*, withal, neglect not my Breakfast.
Rising early and walking gets us good Stomachs: yet I
could be content to fast with such lac'd Mutton and a good
Cullice more than half a Morning.

Keep. What Passions fight within me, that beget
Several Constructions of this Accident?
But what my Hope interprets can be.
How apt is Misery to dream that Blessings
Are all immediate, and no under-workings
Of Means and Counsel! I'll not flatter it;
(Tis but the effect of Passion) but return
To my Delight of Labour. Saw you the Herd
Last Night, Sirrah?

Slip. Yes, Sir.

Keep. And how fed they?

Slip. With their Mouths.

Keep. You'll not leave your saucy Wit, until it be beaten
out of you.

Slip. 'Twould be but saucily done of it to leave me so:
but if it will not keep me from beating, I'll keep it no
longer; but be mannerly. The Deer fed well, Sir, only
a Mischance. Some Cuckolds Cur (for I saw him run to-
wards London) had pull'd down two or three young
Deer.

Keep. And what did you with them?

Slip. I sent a Fawn to a wanting Poet, a Friend of mine;
who, I presume, will make profitable Use of it. Dress it
in some lamentable Epitaph, and dedicate it to his Ningle,
whose compassionate Bounty must redeem his lavender'd
Plush,

Tottenham-Court.

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Plush, and commend him again to converse with Sack and good Company.

Keep. You have surely glean'd from that Poet.

Slip. Something to make People laugh at me.

Keep. What did you with the rest?

Slip. A longing Lady in the Strand had a Pricket, Then I sent a Soar to *Barber-Surgeons-Hall*. A little Soar makes them a great Feast.

Keep. Well, Sirrah, round you the South-side o'th' Park; and-meet me at the great Oak. I'll this way.

SCENE VI. *To them Worthgood very pensive.*

Slip. Pray stay, Sir, who comes yonder?

Keep. He seems a discontented Gentleman. Some Duel-ler perhaps.

Slip. Some hot spur'd Gallant, that got a drunken Fever last Nighr, and must bleed this Morning.

Keep. Perhaps to revenge an Affront done his Mistress.

Slip. His common Mistress you mean, Sir.

Keep. It needs no Adjective, the Sense is common enough.

Slip. So is the Creature; a Cart take them. They have infected more honest Ale-houses with bad Names, than Cakes and Cream will ever restore again. A Wench is grown a necessary Appendix to two Pots at *Tottenham-Court*.

Keep. To your Walk, Sirrah, I'll observe him.

Slip. And I'll Home to observe how I can sleep after early rising. If my Master should catch me napping, 'tis but dreaming a Lye to excuse it. I'll perswade him 'tis as true Prophecy as *Booker's Almamack*.

(Exit.)

Worth. After so many Longings to salute
The welcome Light, it hath betray'd my Sense
To worse Affliction, than if Sight's Privation
Had made it useless; since it wants the Object
Can both delight and feed it, Back-blushing Morn
To thy *Mydonian* Bed; there shake the Dew
From thy wet Locks; and teach thy guilty Shame

To

To die that Red in an eternal Black,
Unless it bring more Comfort.

Keep. Discontent

Rides on his Forehead; and doth seem to trample
Upon his Soul's Dejection. Would I knew him.
Good morrow, Sir.

Worth. Ha! 'tis a fair Salute.

I do return your Wish.

Keep. Sir, you must pardon me

If I seem curious in some few Demands.

My Office and this Place are Privilege

For more than Questions. Pray Sir, what are you?

Worth. This sure is Marrowbone-Park, and he the
Keeper.

A Gentleman that comes not to offend you.

I spoil no Game: you see I am unfurnish'd

Of Instruments for such a wanton Mischief.

Keep. But, Sir, without a better Satisfaction

I must suspect you still. Meer Recreation

To walk for Health seldom invite young Gallants

To leave their Beds so early. I must have more.

Worth. Must, saucy Groom! can any Patience

Construe it Manners? Your rude Compulsion shall not

Enforce me to express so weak a Spirit,

Whilst I have Hands, and this.

Keep. At that Guard, Sir?

Then this must countercheck it. Either tell me

Your Name, Condition, and your Business here;

By my just Anger for this foul provoking

I shall not spare you else.

Worth. How happy now

Might this Occasion make me, were she lost

Beyond that Hope that whispers her yet Safety!

I must preserve my self. Yet if thou triumph'st

In my Submission, 'cause I had rather lose

A little outward Credit to prevent

Worse Mischief, know I can devise Revenge,

Shall be a fair Example for base Difference

From the pretence of any borrowed Power

To overdo its Duty. My Name's *Worthgood*.

Keep.

Keep. Enough; that word hath Power to check the Force
of any Passion, though the hottest Rage
Enflam'd it to be active.

Worth. Here's a Change!
Why sure my Name's a Spell. How it hath calm'd
The Tempest of his Fury!

Keep. What black Star
Was found th' Ascendant in my crooked Birth;
That all my Life's sad Accidents should be
Such pregnant Ills begetting one another!
One sudden Rashness in a Moment might
Perhaps have ruin'd him my Duty honours:
Making this Hand a Mover to his Death,
Whose Life I ought to cherish.

Worth. What would'st else?

Keep. Nothing but Pardon, Sir; or if you please
Th' Occasion brought you hither. Lost you no Company?

Worth. It cannot sure be Fear that makes me jealous.
I dare the worst of Fate. Be he an Actor
In my pursuit, I'll venture all at once.
I have lost a Gentlewoman, and doubt her Safety:
If any Chance hath guided you to find her,
Do not delay my Satisfaction.

Keep. I joy that Chance made me the Instrument
Of such a Good. Please you to follow me.
I'll guide you to this pensive one, that grieves
More your fear'd Loss than her own Misery.
She nam'd you oft; (when by her Fit transported)
Recovering from a Swoon, she thought her self
Surpriz'd by some that meant her Injury.

Worth. Shall I give Faith? my Resolution's mad;
Yet it shall try th' Event. Despair may bring
A good Success to an indifferent thing.

(*Exeunt.*)

The End of the First ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Frank and George, as walking to Totenham-Court.

George. **F**IE, *Frank*, there's such a Disproportion,
'Twill ne'er be brought to an Equality.

Frank. Why, *George*, dost think th' exterior Goods of Fortune,

Or titular Greatness that derives it self
From larger Springs, and flows to swell the Blood
With Attributes of gentle, or of noble
Can make the difference such, that the free Soul
Must have the Limits of her large Desires
Prescrib'd by them? Nature's impartial:
And in her Work of Man prefers not Names
Of Ancestors. She sometimes forms a Piece
For Admiration from the basest Earth
That holds a Soul: and to a Beggar's Issue
Gives those Perfections make a Beauty up;
When purer Molds polish'd and gloss'd with Titles,
Honours and Wealth, bestow upon their Bloods
Deform'd Impressions; Objects only fit
For Sport or Pity.

George. Yet never can the mixture
Of Gold with Clay make Transformation
Of that base Matter into purer Metal.

Frank. The Chymistry of Love can surely do it.
Wedlock confers all Honour that's a Husband's
Upon a Wife.

George. And therefore you will marry
A Milk-wench; one that's Drudge unto Necessity.
'Twould be a Credit to that long continuance
Of noble Matches which your Ancestors
Have link'd to the Chain of their own Bloods,
To make the Series of their Families
Spread in so many glorious Divisions.

Come,

Come, let my Counsel guide these passive Fires
To flame aright, and send their Pyramids
More upwards. Let the grosser Stuff that feeds them,
By an Inversion, choak them. From Advice
Men must chuse Wives, not Passion.

Frank. She is fair:

Upon her Person all the Graces wait,
And dance in Rings about her. Her bright Eye
Is Love's chief Mansion where he keeps his Court.
Envy not fair ones, if my Fancy doth
Give all your Dues to her, save only those
Which your defects supply from wanton Art.
Her white and red she borrows not from any
Cosmetick Drugs; nor puzzles the Invention
Of learn'd Practitioners for Oyl of Talx
To blanch an *Ethiop's* Skin. Lillies and Roses
Are Figures fitting common Beauties: her's
Wants a Comparison but its proper self.

George. You swell her Praise too high; so mean a Subject fits not these Raptures.

Frank. She's a Subject, *George*,
For larger Volumes than Invention
Yet ever fill'd with flattering Hyperboles.
The very Thought of her hath strain'd my Heart-strings
Up to a pitch of Joy; whose Musick makes
My Spleen dance lusty measures.

George. If she be
So rare a piece, her low Condition
Makes me suspicious she's some common Wanton
Lurks in that Mask for Safety.

Frank. Did not Friendship
Restrain'r, I should be angry: nay, more; punish
So great a Sin against her Innocence.
I have laid all the Baits that might entice
Apt Inclination to sweet Wickedness;
But could not catch her that way. She hath shun'd them
With witty Scorn, and such imperious Checks
Have made me blush at my Intention's Foulness;
Which now is clear'd with noble Resolution
To give my hot Desires their Satisfaction

In fair Embraces, such as the Reverence
Of Lawful Wedlock sweetens.

George. Vertuous Policy.

Kill Reputation, that you may preserve
A little better Conscience. Any Judgment
Would make a fair Construction of my Life,
That surfeits in Delights, and plays the Epicure
In all Variety and Choice of Pleasures
Sooner than of thy Act. Where Ills do want
A fair Excuse (as thine doth) they are doubled.

Frank. When thou hast seen her, thou wilt soon ac-
knowledge

In what a misty Error thy Invectives
Have lost themselves.

George. Nay, rather hide her from me,
She may raise Motions; and if I should rival thee,
I must be served: nothing was e'er devis'd
To fright libidinous Nature from its Proneness,
That can restrain me.

Frank. Shal't not make me jealous?
Her Soul is guarded with so many Vertues
Temptations cannot better it: and i' th' way
Of noble Love (though yet she never sung
The Musick of Consent) I dare prefer.
My self the first accepted.

George. Still be confident.

SCENE II. *To them Changelove, Stitchwell, and
his Wife.*

But who comes yonder?

Frank. Some City loving Couple.

George. What's that Gallant?

Frank. Surely 'tis *Will Changelove*;
The *Proteus* of Affection: one that varies
As many Shapes of Love as there are Objects.
But what that she-thing is I do not know.

George. She seems a handsome Piece. That Opportunity
Would play the Bawd a little.

Frank.

Frank. You'd be nibbling.

Changelove is my Acquaintance. If they come this way (as 'tis most likely Tottenham-Court's the end of their early walking) I'll be thy Introduction. Let's walk softly.

George. Whilst I do ruminate some Policy.

Stitch. Besides the Recreation, Sir, 'tis healthful.

Change. Indeed Sloth dulls the Spirit's Activeness,
And too much sleeping blunts the Senses Quickness;
Though some be very needful; their Effects
Are the Preservers of their Instruments.

I love early rising.

Mrs. Stitch. But methinks a Nap in a Morning's good.

Change. True, Mrs. Stitchwell; when the Brain hath
purg'd

It self of grosser Fumes, the Fancy yields
Such Solace to the inward waking Sense
In pleasant Dreams, that I have often wish'd
Those Shadows real which they have presented;
Or their Continuance to Eternity
Indeed I love to sleep in a Morning.

Stitch. But stirring and Exercise, I say.

Wife. I would you would use it in Bed then.

Stitch. I tell you, Mr. Changelove, though I am a Tay-
lor I keep Servants that are stout Knaves. I love them well,
and they look well to my Business. On Holy-days I give
them leave to use Exercise.

Wife. Yes, Husband, your Finisher is as pretty a Fellow
as ever did Tradesman or his Wife Service. He pitcheth
the Bar, and throws the Stone; it doth me good to think
of it.

Stitch. I have a Cornish Lad that wrestles well, and hath
brought home Rabbits every Bartholomew-Tide these five
Years. At Stool-Ball I have a North-West Stripling shall
deal with ever a Boy in the Strand.

Change. Now you speak of a Ball, I would we had one
here; 'tis a commendable Exercise: the great Physician
Galen wrote a Book, *de exercitatione parva pile*.

Wife. What's that, pray Sir?

Change. Concerning the Exercise of the little Ball.

Wife.

Wife. It seems great Physicians will busie themselves about small things : but they are not of my mind.

George. How lik'st the Project ?

Frank. As the end proves it ; howsoever, it promiserh fairly.

George. They are arriv'd : let us prepare our selves.

Frank. Mr. *Changelove* ; a happy Day follow this pleasant Morning.

Change. Worthy Friend, I return your Salute with double Wishes : pray know this Gentleman and his Bed-fellow.

Frank. The Day must needs be fortunate, that begins with such fair Omens.

Wife. I pray Sir, why doth that Gentleman shun your Company ? I hope we fright him not. It had been Manners to salute me.

Frank. He always doth that by Attorney, Mistress,

Wife. Then I must pay the Fees.

Frank. The Truth is, he is a great Woman-hater.

Wife. Now out upon him. I thought he was gelt, he is so fat. Beast that I was to be so unmerciful to a dumb thing ; I had a Dog serv'd so for the same purpose.

Frank. It is a Disposition in his Will, Not a Defect of Power.

Stitch. How said you Sir ? cannot that Gentleman endure Women ?

Frank. Hardly their sight at a distance. 'Tis Affliction Unto his very Soul to hear their Vertues Discours'd, unless in Scorn.

Change. A strange unmanly Humour : I love not that.

Wife. May all the Curses our injur'd Sex can study, fall upon him for it : and I think we can curse.

Frank. I know, to him my Company is dear ; And our Intentions have the self same end Of mutual enjoying : now, with what Dejection He doth expect I should divide my self From you, may be conceiv'd.

Wife. I beseech you, kind Sir, leave us not.

Change. I should love some witty Plot upon him.

Frank.

Frank. He is my Friend; yet I would gladly aid
In any easie Mischief, that might aim
At his reclaiming.

Wife. Let's get him arraign'd as one was in a Play. Let
me alone to aggravate his Indictment to the Jury; which
shall be twelve Midwives of my Acquaintance; yet I'll be
sworn I never us'd any of them.

Change. I have it.

Stitch. Pray first hear mine: let's run to Tottenham-
Court for a Wager.

Frank. 'Tis excellent; so his gross Body's toil
To follow us, shall be our Laughter.

Stitch. Right: Or if he stay behind, let my Wife alone
to vex him.

Change. Let's run then: 'tis a brave Olympick Exercise;
I love it well; but how shall we dispose
Of all these Cumbers?

Frank. Let us not be Foot-men,

Change. Indeed a seeming careless staid Formality
In such like Wantonnesses best becomes
A Gentleman. I love it.

Frank. Forwards then.

Change. The Wager?

Stitch. Every Man his dozen.

(*Exeunt running.*)

Wife. Why Sweetheart; why Husband; why John; do
you leave your Wife behind, to be taken up by every Body?
Now the Love of Man's Society defend me from this Abuser
of Creation. Come not near me thou Man of Clouts;
thou Maulkin of Virility; thou half Woman, and all Beast:
or with these Nails I will tear out thine Eyes, and all the
double things are left about thee.

George. Be milder, gentle Mistress. There's nothing in
me appears unto my self so full of Guilt
It should deserve Reproach from you a Stranger.

Wife. There's nothing in you indeed, Sir; your Friend
hath given me your Character. You pretend to hate Wo-
men, because Women have reason to hate you.

George. I hate Women!

Now by my Love of Pleasure, no Delight
Hath any Relish on the wanton Palate

Of my Desires ; unless some mixture season it
That is deriv'd from them.

Wife. Yes, Sir ; you may take Delight in them, but they
little in you. Come not too near, there's Infection in it:
my Blood desires no freezing. The Summer of my Youth
is not yet half spent ; or if it were Autumn with me, high
feeding and Ease requires something.

George. She takes me for an Eunuch. Sure my Friend
Hath over-done his part : and drawn the Counterfeit
Too near the Life of Truth. Sweet Mistress hear
The Language of my Heart that cannot gloss
My plainer Thoughts with superficial words.
I love you ; my Desires are throughly fir'd,
And burn my Blood : which but your free enjoying
Nothing can quench.

Wife. Why, I am a Woman, Sir.

George. I think you are ; and one made up for Pleasure,
More than the dull Converse of what's defective.

Wife. You say true, Sir : I hear it with a heavy Heart.
But I hope, Sir, you would not have me make my Husband
a Cuckold.

George. Fie, that's a gross Construction ; only Shame
And common Knowledge doth it, not the Act
Of a Wife's Wantonness.

Wife. I need no Instructions for Secrecy. Trust me a
handsome Gentleman. The Wickedness of his Friend to
believe him so. Dare you kiss me, Sir ?

George. A Pledge for what should follow.

Wife. You shall do what you will with me, but making
my Husband a Cuckold.

George. No more of that. Nay, this way.

Wife. What, back again ! No, by my *Strand-Honesty*.
I'll to *Totenham-Court* after my Husband. If there be that
necessity at any time that I must make my Husband a Cuc-
kold, I'll do it before his Face ; any Citizens Wife can do
it behind her Husband's Back.

George. Your Will disposeth mine : we there may find
Handsome Conveniences ; and I'll renew
My Counterfeit of Woman-hater : it

May cast a Mist before his jealous Eyes
Would watch us else.

(Exit.)

SCENE III. *Enter Ciceley and Bellamic in one
another's Clothes.*

Cice. I hope y'are satisfied : but to what end this change
should serve, I would fain be instructed.

Bell. I'll tell you. When we fear'd pursuit, we left our
Horses, and the High-way. The Horses are surely found;
and by them my being hereabouts may be conjectur'd. Now
this Disguise shall help me to scape their Search.

Cice. Now out upon't. Had I no better an Opinion of
your Honesty, than of your Wit (both which smell all to-
gether of the Country) I would again leave you to seek
out your own Danger. You have gentle-fide me with
your Clothes; and you are handsome enough in mine :
for though I am but a Milk-wench, I ever lov'd Neatness.
Now you shall personate my Maid, and wait upon me to
London : I'll personate you, and if any thing rise from Mi-
stake, we'll turn it to the best use. If I find not out your
Sweet-heart, let me never be counted a Prophetess : and I
am sure I have foretold Weather from the turning up of
my Cow's Tail.

Bell. Dispose me as you please, I dare the worst
Of my malicious. Now Love hath arm'd me
With better Resolution.

Cice. In this Disguise I'll meet the Gallant courts me
every Morning at *Tottenham Court*, and sound the depth
of his pretended honest meaning. My Condition is too low
to win upon his desires to marry me : and the other thing
without it, he shall never have.

Within. Why *Ciceley*, *Ciceley*, I say my Breakfast. A
quick Supply of Meat, Drink and Sleep, or I rage pre-
sently.

Bell. Bless me ! who's that ?

Cice. My Father's Man.

Bell. He'll spoil all.

Cice. Be you confident.

(To them Slip hastily.)

Slip. Where's this Maggoty-pye of *Marrowbone*? Come you clean wash'd Chitterling, and give me my Breakfast. How now, *Ciceley*, where hath your Face been, at the Painters? Hey-day; *Ciceley's* own Face, and this Mistress die for Love *Ciceley*-fy'd. Now I swear by Hunger (and that's a strong Oath) I think Women have more Fegaries than the Devil would have Clients, if he were a Lawyer and pleaded without Fees.

Cice. Keep Counsel, Sirrah, you had best; and if my Father ask for me, tell him I will not be lost long. So fare you well. (Exeunt.)

Slip. You will not be lost long: he is likely to have a sweet match of it that finds you. Yet I could be content my seven Years Service might be so rewarded. But the Baggage is as coy as an Alderman's eldest Daughter: she hath bearen me a hundred times (Coward as I was for suffering it) for attempting to kiss her. But now I will revenge it upon her Cream-bowls; over whose Sweets I will triumph.

SCENE IV. To him Keeper and Worthgood.

New Mischief; I am again delay'd. If I forbear my Breakfast but two Minutes longer, my Guts will shrink into Minnikins: which I bequeath the poor Fidlers at *Totenham-Court*, for a *May-day's* Legacy.

Keep. Y'are welcome to this Roof; too mean a Covering for such a Guest.

Worth. Your first, Sir, hath enrich'd it
And hallowed it into a Temple. Pray Sir,
Conduct me to the Altar, where I may
Pay the due Sacrifice of my desires
To her; and Thanks to you.

Keep. *Slip*, call my Daughter.

Slip. Which Daughter, Sir, your Daughter Gentlewoman, or your Gentlewoman Daughter?

Keep. Your trifling's unseasonable, Sirrah.

Slip. Why Sir, *Ciceley's* no more plain *Ciceley*, but *Giceley* in Lac'd Sattin. The Gentlewoman and she are run out of themselves one into another.

Keep.

Keep. But where are they?

Slip. For ought I know, run away one with another.

Keep. Run you after, and call them back.

Slip. 'Tis impossible: who knows which way they are gone: Besides, 'tis a Mist would choak a Brewer's Horse; I cannot see one hand for the other.

Worth. Sir, my Suspicion prompts me you are treacherous:

And these fair seeming Undertakings Traps
To catch me.

Keep. Sir, you make a worse Construction
Of my good meaning, than so fair Expressions
Can any way deserve. Pray Sir go with me,
We'll overtake them.

Worth. I will share the Pains;
And venture once again to try you thoroughly.

Keep. Follow you, Sirrah.

(*Exeunt.*)

Slip. A killing Command. The best is, It will break my
Heart, no matter then for my Belly. Hunger, I defy thee,
Revenge, I hug thee. I will lead you a wild-goose Chase,
till we come to *Totenham-Court*; where I will score two do-
zen, and reckon with mine Hostess Maid, whose Belly I have
rais'd with Umbles.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE V. Enter Stitchwell, Frank, Changelove.

Frank. You are the *Olympian*, Sir.

Stitch. Do you think, Gentlemen, I'd let you out-strip
me at Exercise? I'll jump with you for a dozen more.

Change. Pray Sir let's jump: I love it mightily.

Frank. My Breath's not yet recover'd. By this time,
Sir, your Wife hath converted my Friend to a civiler Dis-
position.

Stitch. Let her alone. If she do it not, I durst forswear
Exercise; and that would be the greatest Vexation.

Frank. Greater than if your Maid should drop the Can-
dle on your Festival Sattin Doublet?

Change. Or the Cat's Piss upon your Military Fea-
ther?

Frank. Or an inferiour Neighbour be prefer'd for a Common-Council-Man?

Stitch. Meere Trifles to the forbearing of Exercise.

Frank. Or if a Gallant should deal with your Wife in your Absence for Body Covering, and give her Court Payment.

Stitch. A very likely Matter. She that goes thrice a Week to Morning Exercise, and will make Repetition over sweet Meats at a gossiping. I tell ye, Gentlemen, I have trusted her to a Mask, and the Inns a Court revelling: she knew the way home again without a Cryer. She hath converted a hundred of her purer Neighbours by her Example.

(To them Tapster.

Frank. Here's more than City Confidence. But shall we enter?

Tapst. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen.

(To them Wife, presently George.

Change. A handsome Room, Sirrah.

Tapst. The best in the House, Sir.

(Exit.

Frank. Your Wife's come, Sir.

Stitch. Welcome, Sweetheart.

Wife. Kind Gentlemen, hold my Heart, Oh! Nay, one at once: pray hold it hard, Oh!

Stitch. What's the matter, Chuck?

Wife. Oh, my Breath! there's not so much Wind left in me, as would make a noise to be excus'd with the creaking of one's Shoe: Oh! you are a kind Husband to leave me behind. Had it been with one that had lov'd a Woman, shew'd her the nearest way, or laid her down upon his Cloak when she had been weary. But I think I fitted him.

Fran. And beshrew him if he fitted not you.

Change. Here he is likewise.

Frank. You blow hard, George.

Stitch. Come, Gentlemen, shall we walk in?

George. I would enjoy my Friend a little here.

Wife. You shall enjoy your Friend, Sir.

(Exeunt.

Frank.

Frank. And what Success?

George. Why dost not hear her Promise?

You shall enjoy your Friend. She's plyant, *Frank*,
Unto my Wishes; nothing now remains
But to deceive her Husband; thou must aid me.

Frank. Would't have me Pandarize?

George. I'll do't for thee.

These are sweet Sins, and only do intend
The Pleasure of desire, which would be kill'd
With too much Scruple.

SCENE VI. To them Cicely and Bellamie.

What are these?

Bell. What Place is this? a common Ale-house?

Cice. Fear you nothing, but put on Confidence.

Frank. I have seen that Face, the Figure's in my Heart.
'Tis surely she: her Habit cannot mock
My knowing Sense. I'll venture on the Tryal.

George. This is his Milk-maid, sure. I still suspected
'Twas some disguis'd Name to conceal a Mistress.
Now by my Life she's fair; I envy him;
And my desires have almost tempted me
To put in for a share: but Friendship checks it.
She may perhaps be vertuous, and well born,
And worthy his Resolves: my City Beauty
Shall serve at this time.

Frank. Didst thou think that Mask
Could veil thee from my Soul's distinguishing?
Wherein thy Form's impress, which Fancy shews me
At every Change of Thoughts.

Cice. Clothes have not alter'd
My Person or Condition. I am still
Plain *Cicely*, and your Handmaid. This Exchange
Proceeds from an honest Merriment:
And when you understand the Story right,
You'll make a fair Construction.

Frank. 'Twere a Sin
To think amiss of thee; Tears cannot expiate.
When thou art mine, I'll feed thy Appetite

With Pleasure's best Variety. Taylors daily
 Shall shape Proportions for thy dainty Body,
 To make Invention pregnant of new Fashions.
 Th' Exchange shall be thy Wardrobe to supply
 Thy will with Choice of Dressings. T' hearken out
 A Jewel to adorn thee, if the value
 Exceed not my Estate; I'll sell it all
 To purchase thy Content.

Cice. Your Promises
 Are much too large. My too unworthy Service
 Cannot deserve to be commanded by you.
 Gallant, I'll try you.

Frank. Th' Extasie hath made me
 Forget my Friend: 'tis she, *George*, chang'd in Habit.

George. I am your Servant, fair one; and my heart
 Vows an Obedience when your Commands
 Assign me any Task.

Bell. I do not like
 The Courtship of these Gallants: 'tis gross Flattery,
 And tends, I fear, to ill.

Frank. Come, dearest, will you
 Accept the Entertainment of this Place?
 Some worthy Company within expects me.

Cice. I shall strain Modesty, you excusing it.
 Come, Maid.

Bell. Why should I fear; that have defence
 From *Worthgood's* Love, and mine own Innocence?

(*Exeunt.*)

The End of the Second A C T.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Tapster, James, Sam.

Tapster. **Y**'Are welcome, Gentlemen.

Jam. Now my Parrot of Froth, whose Mouth is lin'd with Tapestry; what Company is in the House?

Tapst. None of your Acquaintance but Mr. Changelove.

Jam. Will Changelove? prithee call him hither.

Tapst. I shall, Sir, by and by. Some stew'd Prunes for the two costive Citizens in the *Ball's head*; and more Rolls for the three Taylors in the *Smithfield Lyon*.

Jam. How shall we spend the Day, Sam?

(Exit.

Sam. Let's home to our Studies and put Cases.

Jam. Hang Cases and Books that are spoil'd with them: Give me *Johnson* and *Shakespear*; there's Learning for a Gentleman. I tell thee, Sam, were it not for the Dancing-School and Play-Houses, I would not stay at the Inns of Court for the hopes of a Chief Justice-ship.

Sam. Time would be better spent in reading Laws, Teaching our Knowledge how to argue Doubts: For in our after states such may arise That without Policy's Help may ruin it.

Jam. Formality; a grave Youth in a Gown. Thou think'st 'tis becoming to walk thus to *Tottenham Court*, and at home so punctual in Conformity. I had rather a *French* Consumption should wear my Hair off than a round Cap.

Sam. 'Tis not to make it my Profession, (Although in some it be most necessary) (For how can Government and Laws subsist Without their Ministers, whose Skill and Judgment Distinguish right from wrong) but to be able To manage what's mine own, as time shall send it. You are likely to inherit fair Possessions,

Gain'd by a Father's Industry ; perhaps
 With some Contention, and Conveyances
 May be defective: wer't not better far
 Your self could understand it, than to trust
 The Honesty or Skill of a bought Counsel ?

Jam. Hang State: I took no pains to get, why then
 should I take any to keep it ? if it will stay, so 'tis: if not,
 Shop-keepers that will trust, shall be paid when they can
 get it. A Law of Necessity, *Sam*, and always in force with
 Gallants.

Sam. I had rather hear another Resolution.

SCENE II. *To them Changelove.*

Jam. Will Changelove, well met at *Totenham-Court*.
 What made thee rise so early ?

Change. The Company of half a Man: expound my Riddle,
 and be a whole *Oedipus*.

Jam. It must be more than thy Taylor.

Change. Right, his Wife ; who being half of himself,
 makes up the third part a half Man. I love his Company,
 Man, and pay him with nothing but Courtesies: a *Toten-*
ham-Court's Kindness is Principal, Interest and Security.

Jam. What shall we drink, Ale ?

Change. I love it best ; the Old *English* natural Drink.
 But can this Gentleman study after Ale ?

Sam. If I avoid the Excess.

Jam. Ale's muddy: what think you of Beer ?

Change. I love Beer best. The planting of Hops was a
 rare Projection in the *Dutch* ; it hath taught some of them
English naturally.

Jam. Shall we hunt to-day, Will ? I heard the common
 Cry abroad.

Change. Hunting ! 'tis sport to make immortal Activeness
 Even in the dullest Earth. A well-mouth'd Cry
 Out-does the Sphæres in Musick. Gods themselves
 Have left their Fabulous Heaven, to put on
 The Shapes of Hunters: courting such Delights
 In these Disguises, that hath made them wish
 Th' Exchange of their Ethereal Government

To

To live with Mortals. I love Hunting dearly.
What saith your Friend?

Sam. Indeed Sir, my Affection
Is better pleas'd with solitary Study :
A sober Morning's walk is Exercise
Enough for me.

Change. You are to be commended.
Why, Contemplation is the very Being
Of Man's Delight: it shews his nobler Part
Converse with things divine; the nimble Soul
Climbs by it to a height of Happiness.

I must confess I love it. *(Musick.)*

Jam. Is there Musick with the Company you left?

Change. And good too: 'tis Company of that Curiosity,
ordinary stuff will not please them.

Jam. Would thou wouldst enter me into their Acquaintance ; we might have a Dance.

Enter Stitchwell, Frank, Changelove.

Change. Why, I love Dancing too. Agility
Commends the good Composure of one's Body ;
And graceful Garbs are taking. No Perfection
Doth make the Object of a handsome Man.
So pleasing in a Lady's Eye, as Dancing.
This Room's more spacious: I'll invite them hither.

SCENE III. *To them* Frank, Ciceley, Stitchwell,
Wife, Bellamie, and George *behind the Women.*

They have prevented me.

Frank. The Room's possess'd.

Sam. You may command a Resignation.

Jam. Please you't admit us; we would fain partake
Your worth and Company.

Frank. Your Friends, *Will Changelove?*

Change. Yes, noble Sir.

Frank. They're welcome to my Knowledge.
Numbers Addition will increase our Mirth,
And swell it to more height.

Bell. Arm me now, Confidence,
And teach my Tongue, that never spake Untruth
From a Consideration, practise Lying,
And the Denial of my proper self.
It is my Brother, he'll discover me.

Sam. 'Tis surely she: they're all her Lineaments.
Had I ne'er seen her; had not knowing Sense
Power to distinguish, natural Instinct
Would tell me 'tis my Sister. Why disguis'd?
And why come hither? it hath wrapt my Reason
In Mists of Wonder. Yet I cannot fear
She hath berray'd her Honour to base Wantonness.
She had a Guard of Vertues; else Hypocrisie
Taught her to seem a Saint, and paint that Goodness
With a false Colour. Know you not my Sweet-heart?

Bell. No indeed, Sir.

Sam. Is not your Name *Bellamie*?

Bell. Neither, Sir.

Sam. Denies her self.

There's something in't above my reach of Fear.
Passion forbear me, and I'll work with Policy,
To find the scope of all.

Cicc. A sweet young Gentleman.

Is this your Sweet-heart, Maid?

Sam. Is she your Servant?

I would have call'd her Kinswoman for Resemblance
She hath with one of mine.

Cicc. Your Aunt, or Cousin?

Sam. Means she in the mystical Sense of it?

Jam. Shall we dance, Gentlemen? Musickness, and let
A Qiveness freeze! Shall I use you, sweet Mistress?

Wife. Kindly, Sir, or I am waspish. A Wasp, you know,
hath a Sting.

Jam. Please that gross Gentleman?

Wife. By no means, Sir: Dancing will hurt his *Sciatica*.

Jam. Do you know him, then?

Wife. Yes, and will know him better if he come near
me.

He is one into whom the Spirit of *Suetnam*'s crept.

I hope, Sir, you are of a kinder Disposition to our Sex.

Jam.

Jam. You see, Mistress, I am for their Company any way.

Stitch. Pray Sir, let's go nearer the Women.

George. Pray Sir forbear: you'll not compel me rudely.
Perhaps there's an Aversion in my Nature,
The Company of Women's mine Affection.

Stitch. My Wife shall vex you then.

Change. And I love Man's Society: solid Souls,
Void of all light Impressions; whose Discourse
Tends not to superficial Complement,
But hath more Sense than Sound.

Frank. You are for dancing;
Possess my room.

Change. The Womens Creature; Sir.
There's Magick in their Company that charms
All Masculine Affections, but of Pleasure
In their enjoying. I'll spin or thread their Needles;
Read *Spenser* and th' *Arcadia* for their Company.

Wife. I'll dance with you, Mr. *Changelove*.

Stitch. One Cup more, I'll be for the Exercise.

Wife. You'll have more anon, Husband, than your Head
will well carry.

George. She means Horns.
Which if I fail to give her, may I turn
Chastity's Convert, and be mortify'd
From my Concupiscence with hourly Discipline.

They Dance.

Wife. Why how now, Husband? you'll be tipp'd presently.

Stitch. Hold, good Wife, before Strangers? T'other
Dozen, and then I'm gone.

Wife. I would you were gone once for me.

George. So would I.

Stitch. Gentlemen, a Health to—

Frank. Whom, Sir?

Stitch. All the Cuckolds in the Strand.

Wife. Fie, Husband, you forget your self. Nay, Gen-
tlemen, he is such another Man; when he hath got a Cup or

two he'll not stick to abuse his Betters. I beseech you bear with him, I shall be ready to bear with any of you.

Stitch. Wife, you shall drink a Health to all the Cuck-old-makers in *Cornwall*.

Wife. You mean Wrestlers, Sweet-heart; you are so raken with your *Cornish* Prentice. I tell ye, Gentlemen, hearing him talk the other Day of the Hug, I wisht him to shew me what 'twas: The stiff Knave presently gives me a Fall: but it was upon a soft Bed.

Frank. Otherwise there had been Danger.

Jam. Come sweet Mistress, the other Dance.

Cice. Will you make one, Sir?

George. Alas, fair Mistress, my gross Body wants
A mimick Activeness.

Cice. But you can move, Sir?

Wife. Bestir your slumps a little, Sir. Are Women such Bug-bears, especially handsome ones? for I have been flatter'd.

Stitch. Well said, Wife; to him Wife.

Wife. I durst undertake yet, had you one of us in a Corner.

George. How she instructs me! nay then. (Exit.

Frank. Will you be gone, *George*?

Stitch. After him, Wife, put him to's, and tickle him home.

Wife. I'll warrant, Husband, I'll bring him into play. (Exit.

Jam. It seems this Gentleman loves not the Company of Women.

Change. At least wife 'tis pretended. Wer't a Plot To gull her Husband, I should love it dearly. Why did not I attempt it, that have had More Opportunities than ever made Sin fruitful in the Pleasure? If't be so, The next Share shall be mine. I love a wench As well as he, or any.

Stitch. T'other Health, and then farewell.

Frank. Mr. *Stitchwell* is your Name?

Stitch. A Taylor in the *Strand*; and I am as good a Man

Man there as Deputy Tagg in the City, though he think himself an Alderman's Fellow, and no Cuckold.

Frank. You mind Cuckolds much: good Sir remember your self.

Stitch. By your leave then; I must, and I will, I will and I must.

Frank. What must you, Sir?

Stitch. Why, you may do what you will; and I will do what I list. *(Exit.)*

Jam. The Taylor's paid.

Change. By your Favour, 'tis a Lye.

Frank. And his Wife too by this. Follow me, Gentlemen, and if he prevent it not, we'll share some Pastime. Sweet, I'll return presently. *(Exeunt Men.)*

Cice. Can my chaste Thoughts within their spotless Circuit

Retain a good Opinion of this Gentleman,
Who gives free scope to his libidinous Will
In Actions that stain Conscience?

Bell. Can my Ills

Grow to a greater heighth? my Honour's Danger
Runs equal with my Person's.

Cice. He hath courted

Almost beyond Resistance, (had not Goodness
Preserv'd me white) to fully me with Lust;
And failing offer'd Marriage.

Bell. Can a Brother

Construe this Place, Disguise, and Company
Less than a Lapse from Vertue in a Sister,
Who labour'd more to be good really,
Than ever Hypocrite did to appear so?

Cice. I must not trust. Besides, mine Eye hath seen
An Object that delights it; and desire
Begins to burn my Bosom with new Flames
I yet ne'er felt. 'Tis an ambitious Love,
And must be check'd. Why? sure my Birth's more noble:
My Spirit argues it, which never yet
Harbour'd a common Thought; but all above
The lowness of my Fortune. How now, Mistress?

Bell.

Bell. Distress'd beyond Recovery. 'Twas my Brother;
Whose Eye no sooner found me, but his Looks
Express'd a troubled Soul: but when he heard
My Tongue deny my self; what Passions then
Possess'd him, may be thought.

Cice. Is he your Brother?
Fear not to be discover'd: I have Plots
To circumvent him, and prepare his Temper
For mild Impressions.

Enter Tapster.

Prithee, Friend, shew us a private Room.

Tapst. With Convenience, Mistress?

Cice. For a Retirement.

Tapst. This way, Mistress. I smell the Reward of a
Knave's Office: howsoever Sin thrives by wickedness,
Froth-fill'd Cans and Over-reckonings will hardly raise a
Stock to set up with. Now will inform the Gallants. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV. *George and Wife.*

Wife. Pray Sir, forbear. Is this a place to make one's
Husband a Cuckold in?

George. Let not such weak Excuses rob my hopes
Of that Delight, for whose enjoying
Danger and all that weakness can be frighted with—

Wife. Pray Sir, talk not to me of weakness: The Ser-
vants of the House will suspect us presently.

George. Be expeditious then, we lose that time
Might make the Pleasure fruitful.

Wife. Indeed, Sir, I durst e'en venture to make him a
Cuckold, might I be sure you would get a Boy.

George. That's doubtless, Sweet.

Wife. And shall he be like the Father?

George. As ever Citizen's Son was.

Wife. I mean my Husband.

George. I am a Courtier.

Wife. Kind Sir, you even deserve it for your Policy. But
I am so afraid.

George.

George. Mischief on these Delays.

Within. Sweet-heart, Wife.

Wife. Ay me!

George. Vexation racks me.

Prevented at the point of such a Happiness!

Within. Come Chuck and hold my Head.

Wife. Pray Sir, hide your self.

George. Where?

Wife. Happily, here's an empty Tub. (*To them* *Stitch.*

Stitch. My Head aches, Wife; where art, Chicken?

Wife. Here, Husband. You must press upon Womens Retirement.

Stitch. Oh, my Stomach; 'tis very sick.

Wife. Empty it in the Fields, then; let not the Servants take notice you are such a Sloven.

Stitch. Why not in that Tub?

Wife. Fie, Beast: defile a necessary Implement of Housewifry? This 'tis to drink Healths to Cuckolds. You might have been one your self, were not I the honestest Woman; which is more than many of your Neighbours can say for themselves.

SCENE V. *To them* Frank, Changelove, James, Sam, and a little after them a Wench with a Pail of Water.

Change. Where's Mr. *Stitchwell*? Fie, give out, Man, and steal away.

Stitch. Oh, Gentlemen, my Head, my Head; Oh, Gentlemen.

Frank. Methinks your Forehead's swol'n, Sir.

Wife. Truly no, Sir, there's no more than what hath been ever since I was his Wife; fifteen Years and upwards, a long time of Barrenness.

Wench. What the Devil make all these Gentlemen in my Dame's Wash-house? Get ye up to your Chambers with a Vengeance.

(*Pours the Water into the Tub.*)

Frank. I wonder where my Friend is?

George. Hold, hold; I am drown'd.

Frank. George, what made you there?

Wench.

Vench. Mischief on you, Sir: you have spoil'd me a Pail of Conduit Water cost me many a weary Step the fetching; beside the Falls my Sweet-heart *Slip* gave me.

Stitch. Alas, good Gentleman; he hid himself from my Wife, and see what's happen'd.

George. Hell take your Wife and you. Accursed Women, That in your Curse made Man so.

Frank. Fie, *George*, scold presently after your cucking.

Sam. *Diogenes in dolio.*

Change. And Lamentation.

Frank. Come forth, *George*: now the Comedy is ended, away with the Disguise.

George. Women or Devils,
Made fair to be Destruction's Instrument.

Frank. You seem to compassionate the Mischance:

Stitch. Good heart: but that he cannot endure a Woman, she should kiss him for amends.

Wife. I think it would grieve any Woman. I came hither for something else than to be rail'd at.

Stitch. Let's vex him no more, Gentlemen. Come, Wife, I'll go sleep a little. *(Exeunt.)*

Change. There will be a safe Opportunity for me. I love this Cuckold-making.

George. *Frank*, though your self intend a Reformation, you might forbear me: this was your own Plor.

Frank. Why mine? I ne'er had Resolution yet So stay'd, but I could alter it for Pleasure:

Nor can I hate or envy it in others.

I am sorry, *George*, you should drink Water after your Sweet-meats. *(To them Tapster.)*

George. Do not abuse me lest I think Revenge: I am almost tempted to attempt it.

Tapst. The Gentlewoman hath withdrawn her self.

Jam. What Gentlewoman?

Tapst. She in the Satin Gown. You know my meaning, Sir, she's as right——

Jam. Thanks honest *Robin*. Here's for thee.

Tapst. I must thank you, Sir.

Jam. I'll take the first Opportunity.

Tapst. The Gentlewoman is retir'd Sir.

Jam.

Sam. What Gentlewoman?

Tapst. You know my meaning. She's as right——

Sam. Pox on your Pandarising.

Tapst. How now, Sir? I wonder what Quantity of Maiden Modesty went to your making up. Few Gentlemen of your Complexion would have been angry with an honest Tapster for such Intelligence.

Sam. My Sister turn'd a common Prostitute?
I must discover it.

Tapst. The Gentlewoman's gone into another Chamber, Sir.

Frank. What Gentlewoman?

Tapst. She in the Satin Gown. There's a Bed: you know my meaning. She's as right——

Frank. You are a Rogue, Sirrah. *(Kicks him.)*

Tapst. Good Sir, what mean you?

Frank. Mutter that Thought again: I'll cut thy Tongue out.

Tapst. And kill, anon, anon, Sir. But cold Rewards. Had none any better: Pandars would never purchase. *(Exit.)*

George. I'll take the Tapster's word, and try.

Frank. Come, Gentlemen, let's up again. By this time *George*, your Sorrow's dry. *(Exit.)*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Worthgood, Keeper, and Slip.

Keep. And why should you think so, *Slip*?

Slip. If I find them not, count me no wiser than an Apothecary, that look'd for Jews Ears in an old Pillory; when the dead wood bore none but Scriveners.

Keep. Enquire diligently, Sirrah.

Slip. I will, Sir, and arm my self like a Country Juror: I cannot hold out too fast till I have given up my Verdict. *(Exit.)*

Worth. My Patience, Sir, hath hither made fair. The outside and appearance of that Good Your Promise seem'd to mean me. Circumstance Dorth now instruct my Fear, that this Credulity May be my Danger. Treachery oft lurks In Complements. Y'have sent so many Posts

Vench. Mischief on you, Sir: you have spoil'd me a Pail of Conduit Water cost me many a weary Step the fetching; beside the Falls my Sweet-heart *Slip* gave me.

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Doth now instruct my Fear, that this Credulity
May be my Danger. Treachery oft lurks
In Complements. Y'have sent so many Posts

Of

Of Undertakings, they out-ride Performance.
And make me think your fair Pretences aim
At some intended Ill; which my Prevention
Must strive t'avert. Then good Sir, leave me.

Keep. Sir, though my Outside's mean; I have a Soul
Instructed in all Dues belong to Man.

I never yet misus'd a common Action
With a prepar'd dissembling. My Intent
Are fairer than your Jealousie, which lives
But in the Darkness of your Ignorance.

'Tis a blind Humour, let Discretion guide it:
That th' end of your own Good be not perverted
By ill receiving of the hopeful means
My Freeness offers.

Worth. You have heard my Story;
But why it should so stir Compassion
In any Stranger, Counsel cannot well
Remove the Doubt.

Keep. Why Sir, I know a Gentleman
Worthy in all things; but his crosser Fortune
(On which mine had dependance as a Servant)
Rob'd him at once of all those Gifts she lent him—
Estate, Life, Wife; his Infant-Issue left
To her blind Pity. Can I think you then,
Without some feeling, hear the sad Relation
Of a Misfortune, is so like to that;
As if the self-same inauspicious Stars
Were both their means. The News, Sirrah.

To them Slip.

Slip. Very bad, Sir. My incredulous Hostess will not
trust: Therefore pray Sir make haste; for without some
Supply of Drink I faint in the half way of my Message.

Keep. Hast found them?

Slip. There's hopes or so: I heard an inckling. The
House swarms with Gallants; some of which have surely ra-
ken up *Ciceley*, paltry Baggage, she plays the Lady at least,
and makes mincing Faces like a Country Bride at the upper
end of the Table.

Keep. Pray Sir let's in: we may perhaps find them
here.

Worth.

Worth. O Fate, unless thy guiding kinder prove,
Despair kills all my hope, and ends my Love. (*Exeunt.*)

Slip. O Cakes and Ale, if you your Sweets deny,
Let Slip despairing in a Halter die.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Hostess, Ciceley, Bellamie.

Hostess. FEAR not, Mistress, any of their Attempts in my
House: you have your Instructions and my Aid.
Make use of any thing I own for your honest Ends, and if
you need my Person, I am ready in my Bar at your Call.
(*Exit.*)

Cice. We thank you, Mistress.
Why should you fear the Execution
Of my Desires? why are Women subject
To that Disease? or else hath Nature chose it
To shew the difference? I meant a Man sure;
For I have Masculine Resolutions,
Which no deluding Spirits can abuse
With their mis-guiding; nor imperfect Moon-light
Mock with false Shadows. Danger frights not me.

Bell. Doubt not of my lov'd Friends Safety (without whom
My Soul's Abilities are dead to use)
Hath numb'd the Sense of Action: I'm all passive,
Yet I have heard from him Relations
Of horrid Bartels, and his Person's Danger;
When as the murdering Canons choak'd the Air
With their curl'd Mists, their loud Noise ushering Death
To his black Triumph. A little Custom made it
To be my Pastime. Those were Dangers past;
But these to come.

Cice. You have a Soldier, Sweet-heart,
And no more Courage! what a Race of Cowards
Would

Would spring from that loves joyning? for Physicians
 Say Women have most Right in the Conception.
 Were but our Causes chang'd (our Cases are)
 I'd tell this Brother all; and if his Love
 From a Pretence of Care deny'd me Aid,
 I'd school him soundly.. Come, come, you shall tell
 Your Brother that I love him.

Bell. Love my Brother?

Cice. Your Brother, Mistress. If my Beauty can
 (Which has been flatter'd for a taking one)
 Win upon his Desires, I'll soon work him
 To what you please. Nay, rather than the Project
 Should fail of a Success, he shall enjoy me;
 But fairly.

Bell. Aid me now, Discretion. Would you
 Make me an Agent to undo my Brother,
 And but for such mean ends?

Cice. Why Gentlewoman,
 Disparage not my low Condition.
 Perhaps Misfortune meant it not my Birth;
 That might be noble as your own, though boasted
 From th' Heralds Catalogue of dead Ancestors.
 My Father oft hath told me when my Fingers
 Press'd the Cows Dugs, and from their Fulness drew
 Abundance of white Streams, that Nature meant not
 These Limbs for Labour. But this may appear
 The Flattery of my self.

Bell. Into what Maze
 My Dangers lead me! I th' middle there's a Monster,
 If I go on, will ruine me: if back;
 I want an *Ariadnean* Clue of Policy
 To be my Guide.

Cice. If you'll preserve your self
 From a Discovery, you must counterfeit
 Some other Passions; or cloth these in Mirth.

SCENE II. To them James, presently after George.

How now, Maid? why left you the Door open?

Jam. 'Tis shut again, sweet Mistress. If it offend you,
 I will buy my Pardon at your own rate.

Cice.

Cice. What would you have, Sir?

Jam. A little Pleasure, Sweet. Come, come, what's your Price?

Cice. You sure mistake me, Sir.

Jam. As if I had not practis'd wenching sufficiently to understand a dissembled Modesty: because I am a Stranger, I'll come to your Lodging when I know where 'tis. But say your Price? Half a Crown?

Cice. Have I found you, Gallant? I am dearer, Sir; that's my Maid's rate. The Truth is, I have my Maiden-head yet, and have bargain'd with a Gentleman below for it.

Jam. Let me have it; I'll double his Reward.

Cice. I love to be as good as my word. Sure Sir he'd kill you if he knew of your Attempt. That's he, Sir. (*Knock.*

Jam. And my young Valour dare not encounter him.

Cice. Your City-born Coward never makes fortunate Whoremaster.

Jam. Would I were safe.

Cice. Best hide your self in this, Sir.

Jam. A handsome Convenience. When he's gone, release me.

Cice. Fear it not, Sir, but be sure you lie still. Open the Door, Maid; and do you hear? get the Key of the Trunk.

Bell. What may this come to?

George. Pardon me, fair one. My Intrusion tends To beg a Happiness; please you to crown it With your consent and welcome?

Cice. What's in me To grant, you shall command.

George. I take your word. The Pleasure of your Bed. I will reward it With a new Gown and Angels; dally not In any coy Denial.

Cice. Not in this Place. But if you please——

(*Whisper.*

Bell. New Jealousie instructs My Fear this Woman's naught, and such a one As sells her self to Sin. What Fates conspire To make me miserable?

George.

George. 'Tis a Motion
Suits with my liking. The Pains will make the Pleasure
More sweet in the enjoying.

SCENE III. To them Frank.

Frank. Courting her!

George. 'tis not friendly.

George. Mischief on Suspicion,
I've given you all the flattering Commendations
That might confirm her Love.

Frank. No more; I thank thee.

George. I leave ye. Now to my Practice of Revenge,
And the Delight it comprehends within it
Above *Elizium*. (Exit.)

Frank. Dear, when shall my Love
Be happy in enjoying what it makes
The Object of Desire? Shall this fair Morning
Be consecrate to *Hymen*?

Cice. Worthy Sir,
Such is the difference 'twixt your Birth and Fortune,
And my Condition (whose inferiour Aim
Dare not be level'd higher than its Equality)
Makes (Cowards Policy,) Fear, to be th' Excuse
Of my delay. For were you satisfy'd
With that which you call Pleasure; and Satiety
Had ta'en the Edge off, what's in me can whet
New Appetite, and revive a dying Love?
Your Estimation branded with the Infamy
Of a base Choice: taunts from the Mouth of Envy:
Aspersions to beget a killing Jealousie.
And when you shall reflect——

Frank. Prithee, no more
These needless Doubts. I'm arm'd with Preparations
For my Resolves, that no Assault can batter.

Cice. Pardon me, Sir; there's ground of Circumstance
To build a Faith on, that your Desires end
Is my enjoying your Senses Pleasure,
Not the Converse which Love instructs the Soul in.

Frank.

Frank. Why should false Fears make such a bad Construction?
Prithee, no more.

Cice. But I must search you thoroughly.
Y'are noble, Sir; and now I will unmask
This false Complexion of an Hypocrite,
Which hitherto deluded your Opinion
But with a shew of Vertue. The Truth is,
My Inclination's wanton; and this day
I meant to make a Sale of that, for which
You have so fairly bid: My Maiden-head.
You see I'm fitted for it.

Frank. What do I hear?

Cice. The Gentleman that left me, is the Merchant.
A Price is likewise set upon the ware.
The Time and Place of Enterchange appointed.
The means: a Porter in that Trunk must carry me
Unto his Chamber: You seem troubled, Sir,
At the Relation.

Frank. 'Tis to try me, sure:
She cannot mean it. How my Thoughts rebel
Against their Guide?

Cice. Troth, Sir, I must confess
Your Person likes me better, and the Love
You have profess'd deserves my Gratitude.
Meet you this Porter, and compel him with you;
Yon shall enjoy me first, and afterwards
When I set up the Trade be still more welcome.

Frank. Should this be Earnest, it would make me happy
Above mine own desire; and should she mock me,
'Twere but returning to my first Intent.
Some way I must enjoy her. Shall this Practice
Give me those Sweets have been so long deny'd
With counterfeited Modesty?

Cice. Be sure, Sir;
My Tutor in the Art left me Instructions
To take the fairest Offer.

Frank. My Reward
Shall treble his. Be constant to my Pleasure,
I'll keep thee like a Wife; and serve thy Will
With full Content.

Cice.

Cice. That as your Liking pleaseth,
When you are weary, I'll but beg your Bounty
For a new Wardrobe to set up with.

Frank. How Man's desire
Pursues Contentment! 'tis the Soul of Action,
And the propounded Reason of our Life.
Yet as the Choice appears, or gross or excellent,
VVe fly not from th' injoying; but are chang'd
In our Opinion either of the Object,
Or of the means that works it. VVhy should I
Alter a Resolution? The Contentment
Is still the same: and a far easier means
VVithout that Tye necessitates the VVill
To a fixt Bounds. Besides, my Credit's safe.
To keepa Mistress Youth's Excuse may serve;
But an interiour Match brands my Posterity,
If equal Blood commix not. Hence then scruple,
And all that frights faint Conscience. Sweet, I welcome
The Freeness of your kind and loving Promise
VVith as much Joy, as can possess a Heart
Made jovial by th' Effect of all its VVishes:
Be constant to it.

Cice. Be you confident;
I cannot be diverted from my Purpose;
The End's too pleasant. Pray prepare your self;
The Time draws on.

Frank. And till my Expectation
Ends in that full Possession of Delight,
Times VVings are clipr. So farewell Sweet, till then.

(Exit,

Cice. And farewell base Desires. May thy foul Lust
Make thee still credulous, till Abuse and Shame
Teach thee Amendment. VVhat an Oratour
Is Sin? that paints it self with golden words
Of Pleasure and Delight; as if the Soul
Had its eternal Being and full Powers
But for the Senses Satisfaction:
And their enjoying its Creation's End.
Now to our Comedy. Ha! fast asleep!
This fits our Purpose. Lock it fast.

Beth

Bell. Will not the Feathers choak him?

Cice. He's arm'd against Mischances. Give it the Porter,
I must withdraw. (Exit.)

Bell. Now I perceive

Goodness guides all her Actions: her Mind's Brightness
Out-shines her outward Beauty. But what Use
Can my Misfortune make of't? yes: th' Example
Shall teach me how to counterfeit, if I
Can force my Passion to it.

SCENE IV. To her George, Tapster, Porter:

Here's the Gentleman.

George. Now Wench, is all ready?

Bell. I have pack'd her up in't, like a *Bartholomew's*
Baby in a Box. I warrant you for hurting her.

George. 'Tis a good Wench. I'll give thee a new Gown
for it.

Bell. I thank you, Sir. When you are weary of my Mi-
stress, and cast her off (as I know you must have Change)
you shall have my Maiden-head at the same rate if you
please: I'll keep it for you.

George. 'Tis a Bargain.

Bell. But two words to it. Pray Sir use her ne'er the
worse for my Promise.

George. The better. I'll turn her off within this Fort-
night, and send for thee.

Bell. Oh Sir, 'tis not fit a Servant should shift her Mi-
stress's Trencher before the Bones are clean pick'd. You
have Flesh enough to hold out a Month.

George. It shall be a Month then.

Tapst. Be careful, Porter, of your Carriage.

Port. Married? that I am to a Freeman's Widow, and I
wear the City-Arms by her first Husband's Copy.

George. The Porter is deaf, sure.

Bell. Pray Sir let me ask you one Question.

George. Quickly then.

Bell. How many Maiden-heads have you bought thus?

George. Some Nineteen with thy Mistress's.

Bell. Pray Sir, let mine make up the Score: an even Reckoning.

George. It shall, it shall: here's for thee, *Robin*.

Tapst. The Trunk is worth more, Sir, besides the Feathers that are in it. But to do you a Pleasure.

George. Help him down Stairs with it.

Tapst. Here's a *Totenham-Court* Project translated over the Water from *Holland*.

George. Farewel, Wench.

(*Exit*.)

Bell. Adieu, good Sir, with your fair Bed-fellow that must be.

Had I my *Worthgood* here, this Accident
Would strain my Heart-strings to a pitch of Laughter,
And make my Spleen dance. But his *Lois* hath kill'd
All Sense of Joy. (*Ciceley returns*.)

Cice. Now Mistress, what think you of it?
Have not I ta'en a course to punish Lust?
At least-wise with Disgrace. Though Custom calls
Those Actions only honest, that are glorious
In publick Fame; yet sometimes to dissemble
An ill that's not intended, when the end
Hath clear'd it to Opinion, it attains
The greater Praise.

Bell. Indeed, I must confess
My Fears possess me strongly you were nought:
Nor is Suspicion grounded on due Circumstance
To be accounted ill. But now my Knowledge
Instructs me better to commend your Vertue;
And steer mine own course by the fair Example
Of your Discretion, were the like attempted
Upon my Chastity.

SCENE V. To them *Sam.*

Alas, my Brother.

Sam. Now must I practise unaccustom'd Impudence. By
your leave, gentle Creatures: may I have my turn now
for a little Sport? Nay, nay, Sweet-heart, thou shalt serve
thy Mistress in too dear; and I am loth to pay over-much

for Repentance. 'Tis but changing Offices: let her hold the Door for thee.

Cice. Pray Sir, speak and mean civilly; you'll not be welcome else.

Sam. Good Lady Light-heel; give your Servant leave to practise the Trade you have taught her. That such Perfections as appear in this Woman should be sold to every base Desire. Come, Wench, thy brown Complexion pleaseth me better than thy Mistress's: thou dost not paint, and art the likelier to be wholesome.

Cice. Good Gentleman, he is jealous, and would circumvent her.

Sam. Here's Half a Crown, Wench; methinks 'tis a fair Rate. Ha! Finger in the Eye? Keep thy Tears for Penance in *Bridewell*. Cry when Money's offer'd thee!

Bell. Oh, Brother!

Sam. Ha! are you my Sister?

Bell. Your Sister *Bellamio*.

Sam. Why she's in the Country at mine Uncle's Teaching her hand some neat industrious Practice; Or painting with her Needle the rare Form Of some choice Flower; to her busie Servant Discourfing Morals; or perhaps at Prayers, Or Meditation: these were her Exercises; Not Prostitution. What an Impudence Is this Imposture?

Bell. Temper your Anger, Brother, For it appears in the wrinkles of your Brow. And let not Passion burn your jealous Fears With an intemperate Heat. I have a Story You'll pity, though all Natural Affection Were quite extinguish'd.

Sam. Then you are my Sister?

Bell. Dissemble not those Doubts; but hear me.

Sam. No.

I'm deaf to all Excuse. 'Tis too apparent. Possess me vertuous Rage, make me the Instrument Of a Religious Justice.

Bell. Guard me Innocence.

Sam. Oh that the knowing Soul, which can distinguish
It self and Powers; should yield her Government
To the lascivious Appetite of Sense:
And under such a base Subjection
Ruine her noble Parts. True Estimation
Is grounded on the Actions of the Mind:
And to determine bravely, well as honestly,
Must be the last, and most refin'd Digestion
Of a high-flying Nature. Such should her's be:
She wanted not th' Instruction, nor Example
Of worthy Parents, that Honour is the most
Essential Part of Life, and valu'd above it.

Cice. Good Gentleman, he's troubled.

Sam. Oh Hypocrisie;
Thy painted Shows must likewise mock our Judgment
Into an apt Credulity, that makes
Bad worse by the dissembling. Had she wanted,
Or means of Power or Fortune, to discover
This Inclination, like the Serpent numb'd
With a long Rigidness, forbears to sting
His Warmer's Bosom, not because he hath not
A Poyson; but because the Force thereof
Is feebled by the Cold.

Cice. You seem disturb'd, Sir.

Sam. Who'll ever trust Devotion, or believe
That any Zeal is earnest? I should rather
Have call'd an Eremitic Hypocrite: or suspected
Th' Austerities of an Anchorite to be
But for Vain-glory or a common Fame,
Than her appearing Goodness. Fury prompts me
To a Black Act. 'Tis well I have no Sword.
But may she not survive her first Repentance;
Which Shame or Punishment shall teach her quickly.
Lustful insatiate Whore. Could not a Husband
Have cool'd your Blood?

Bell. You need no other Weapon, *(She swoons.)*
Those words have kill'd me.

Cice. Ah me, what have you done, Sir? help, help.

Sam. If it be Earnest, cur'd a wounded Fame.
My Reputation would have bled a little,

Had

Had she liv'd longer infamous: her Death
May lose the Memory of her Dishonour.

Cicc. Good Gentlewoman, she faints. Help, help!

SCENE VI. To them Keeper, Slip, Worthgood.

Keep. The Cry came from this Chamber.

Slip. 'Sfoot, Sir, 'tis Mistress *Ciceley*, and *Ciceley* Mistress. Ha, ha, Sir; did you put her to the Squeak? I'll put you——

Keep. Hold, Sirrah.

Worth. Look up, my Love: ha! What malicious Chance
Begets this new Prevention of our Happiness?
Oh, let our Souls together climb the height
Of their Eternity; if Fate denies
Other enjoying.

Bell. 'Tis my *Worthgood's* Voice.

That *Orphean* Melick charms my Senses back
From the dark Shades of their Privation.

Welcome again: I never more will lose thee.

Sam. What are you, Sir, that seem thus tender of her?

Worth. I give no Answer to uncivil Questions
With calmer Words. And yet I scorn to strike,
Unless I saw some Armour for Resistance.

Bell. This is my Husband, Brother, far as Vows
Can joyn us, till Church-Ceremony hath
Confirm'd it stronger.

Worth. He your Brother, Sweet?
His Pardon first; then Leave I may embrace
His worthy Love.

Sam. 'Tis not your Complement
Can win upon me. If your Worth deserves
My Sister's Love (I hope my Uncle's Care
Hath well examin'd it) freely enjoy
What you desire: But my Opinion is
Scarce settled yet. You seem a Gentleman.

Worth. And am one: that was giv'n me in my Birth:
If nor, my Sword hath purchas'd it.

Cicc. With leave
I would relate the Accident to satisfy

Your curious Love ; which makes you doubt that Ill
Ne'er stain'd a Thought in her : and for my self,
My Life's untouch'd by Envy.

Keep. Gentle Sir,

Let my Perswasion work upon your Temper ;
And make it pliable to forego all Jealousie,
And Misconstruction. Something is reserv'd
In mine own Knowledge, shall disperse those Clouds
That mystic Error in their misty Rolls ;
And makes it blind in all things but in Mischief.

Sam. If *Bellamie* be vertuous, she's my Sister,
And shall not lose that Interest.

Keep. Now *Cicaley*,
'Tis time that you disrobe.

Cicc. By no means, Father.
My Part's not ended yet.

Bell. Please her accept
Th' Exchange as my Thanks Gift, since to her Care
And full Discretion I must attribute
My Safety. Something's now in Action,
By her begun from an ingenious Practice,
Will make the End more Comick.

Cicc. But 'twill turn
To a sad Tragedy, if I enjoy not
This worthy Gentleman.

Keep. A larger Room
Vvere more convenient. Please you Sir, the House
Is well accommodated.

Worth. VVhat's more to be expected
Can cross or crown our Loves with new Events? *(Exeunt.)*

Slip. Go your ways and quarrel no more, lest I be
Stickler with this terrible Emblem of a Butcher's Cruelty.

(Exit.)

SCENE VII. Enter Changelove, VVife, Stitchwell
in a Chair asleep.

Wife. The Effects of Drinking, Mr. Changelove: His
Head should be troubled with something else, were he rul'd
by me. But he cares not for my Counsel, nor me. I could
e'en

e'en curse mine own Kindness, that am ready still to make more of him than he doth of me.

Change. Why do you not then—

Wife. What, Sir? I warrant you mean make him a Cuckold.

Change. That's a gross Construction. Give a Friend leave to do you a Pleasure, or so. The Truth is, Mistress, I love you.

Wife. You were ever kind, Mr. *Changelove*.

Change. And would your Freeness give me leave t' enjoy Those Sweets, although forbidden, 'twould be a Happiness 'Bove my desire. Be assur'd my Secrecy Is firm as Night and Locks.

Wife. Secrecy, Mr. *Changelove*? I would have you know I will be open to all the World. I'll do no more in the dark, than in this very place, were my Husband's Eyes open.

Change. Here then. He sleeps securely, never dreaming of any Foreheads arming.

Wife. Fie, Mr. *Changelove*, you are such a Tempter. Pray forbear, many a Woman would not hold out so long.

Change. Consent then, Sweet; we'll to it.

Stitch. Ware Horns there.

Change. Mischief, what Noise hath wak'd him?

Wife. An Infirmary he hath to talk in's sleep. Nay, I assure you he will rise sometimes and do the Office of a waking Man in his Dream, and not know of it in the Morning.

Stitch. Room for one of the Headmen in his Parish: a Monster of his Wife's making.

Wife. Wicked Man; he dreams now that I would make him a Cuckold.

Change. Send it be no Counterfeit.

Stitch. And have I ta'en you, Sir *Lancelot*; would you be billing with my *Guinever*?

(Pulls *Changelove* by the Ears.)
Change. Help me, Mrs. *Stitchwell*?

Wife. Take it patiently, Sir: His Fit will be over presently.

Stitch. For this Attempt King *Arthur* doth here degrade thee from a Knight of his Round Table, to be a Squire of his Wife's Body. So conduct me to her Bed, where I will beget a Race of Warriours shall cage thy great Turkship again, and restore *Constantinople* to the Emperour.

Change. You mistake: Oh! My Perriwig is not a Turbant.

Stitch. Peace follows Victory, let us now to Rest.

Wife. Pray Sir, forgive him: I dare undertake he'll be sorry for it when he wakes. If any thing I can may make amends.

Change. Prove his Dream true. When the Smart's over I shall forget it.

Enter Tapster.

Tapst. A Quest of Inquiry is sent all the House over to look you, Mistress. The Gentlewoman's Maid was in a Swoon: they wanted your Assistance.

Stitch. Who wants Assistance? who breaks the King's Peace? fetch me my Constable's Staff.

Change. He'll dream again: had I best stay?

Wife. Now Drunkard, are you recover'd yet?

Stitch. Wife and Mr. *Changelove*, where's the Company?

Wife. Gone, being weary of such a Sor as you make your self. Pretend a Walk for Health and Recreation, to be drunk so early? I had done well to have served you in your kind: here were Gentlemen enough that would have brought me home; and some not far off that used me kindly, whilst you snorted to fright Fleas, and dream't perhaps some Wickedness of me.

Stitch. Prithee Peace, sweet Wife: I'll mend all.

Wife. I promise you, you shall never mend me, till you do better your self.

Stitch. I'll buy my Pardon for it with a new Gown, and a Journey into the Country next Vacation.

Wife. You know, *John*, I am easie to be wrought upon.

Tapst. Will you discharge the Reckoning, Mr. *Changelove*?

Change. Not willingly: I do not love it. No Revenge upon this Dreaming Tyrant over unpaid for Gallantry? A Protection

Tottenham-Court:

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Protection to defraud him is long since provided, What is your reckoning, *Robin*?

Tapst. Nine and three-pence, Sir.

Change. The Particulars.

Tapst. Cakes two Shillings. Ale as much. A Quart of mortify'd Claret eight Pence. Stew'd Pruins twelve Pence.

Change. They were dear.

Tapst. Truly, they cost a Penny the Pound of the one-handed Coster-monger, out of his Wife's Fish-basket. A Quart of Cream, twelve-pence.

Change. That's too excessive.

Tapst. Not if you consider how many Carriers Eggs miscarried in the making of it; and the Charge of lling-glass and other Ingredients to Creamifie the four Milk.

Change. All this is but a Noble.

Tapst. Pray mark me, Sir, I'll make it more. Twelve-pence Sugar. You had Bread, Sir.

Stitch. And we had Drink, Sir.

Tapst. 'Tis granted, Sir. A Pound of Sauſages, and other things, Nine Shillings and Three-pence. Our Bar never errs.

Change. I'll talk with your Mistress. You know my meaning, *Robin*. *(Steals away.)*

Wife. Oh the Extortion of *Tottenham Court*!

Stitch. No matter, Wife: kind Mr. *Changelove* will pay for all. Ha! where is he?

Tapst. Gone, Sir.

Stitch. Then give me my Cloak.

Tapst. The Reckoning first, Sir.

Stitch. How! must Taylors pay Gallants Reckonings?

Wife. Sure, Husband, he intends this a Satisfaction for his Beating.

Stitch. Have you such Tricks? No great matter: 'tis but adding it to his Bill in my Debt-book, and presently arresting him with a fat Martialis. Here, Sirrah.

Tapst. Y're welcome, Sir. Some Profit comes from hence: I have o'er-reckon'd One and Twenty-pence.

(Exeunt.)

The End of the Fourth ACT.

C S

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter George and Porter with the Trunk, presently after them Uncle, Servant, and Tenants.

Porter. **A** Heavy Burthen, I assure you Sir.
George. That's strange: a light Wench and Feathers.

Port. You say true, Sir; 'tis enough to break a Man's Back.

George. His Mistake hits upon Truth. Rest thee, *Porter*.
 Oh this Plot's Quaintness! witty Luxury,
 How it acutes Invention, and makes pregnant
 Even barren Faculties to beget new Issues
 Of rare Concept. But my Credulity
 Was rash and sudden. If she hath abus'd it,
 And mock'd my Hopes of Pleasure, what Revenge
 Can give me Satisfaction? Here's the Key,
 Though late these Doubts arise, I greatly long
 To have mine Eye resolve them. Company,
 Forbear a little then, and rest thee, *Porter*.

Unc. 'Tis a fair Circumstance, and may confirm
 My first Suspicion. Where found you the Horses?

Serv. In the High-way near yonder Houses. The Place
 is called *Totenham Court*.

1 Neigh. Our Intelligence hath something, Landlord.

Unc. What's That?

1 Neigh. The Truth is being weary——

2 Neigh. Old Men, Landlord, old Men. Labour agrees
 worse with us than wangling with a lean Parson that hath
 a fat Benefice.

Unc. Pray interrupt him not: Forwards, *Neighbour*.

1 Neigh. At a House yonder we prevail'd to be let in:
 where the little time that remain'd till Morning we slept
 soundly.

2 Neigh. And dreamt we were in *Granborne Church* at a
 drowfie Sermon.

Unc.

Unc. On, good Neighbour.

1 Neigh. Day no sooner peep'd, but Noise wak'd us. The House was presently full of Gallants with Musick, and to dancing they went. We ask'd the Reason, they of the House told us 'twas customary for Gentlemen to have early Revels and Rendezvous there. At length we heard one speak of a Gentlewoman in a Sattin Gown: which we conceiving to be Mistress Bellamie, made haste to London to your Son to inform your Worship.

Unc. Oh my curst Fate! they have prevented sure My Care, my Zeal and Nature so instructed— To tender her Good, that I have not left Counsel or Threats unurg'd to perfect it. They are questionless marry'd.

2 Neigh Might I advise your Worship then, let them alone till Night: when they are in Bed together, they are the likelier to be catch'd napping.

Unc. My Nephew's gone abroad too. Is't the Custom Of Students that pretend a Love to Learning And noble Sciences, to make the Morning Their time of Recreation? Or have they Had Correspondence, and his friendly Aid Is in the Plot! Yon Porter may perhaps Inform us something.

George. If these question the Porter, I must answer for him.

Unc. Good speed, Friend. Didst see a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman abroad in the Fields?

Port. Betwixt Nine and Ten.

Serv. He means the Clock: his Hearing is sorely imperfect. Didst see a Gentlewoman in a Sattin Gown?

Port. Indeed 'tis a heavy Burthen: I fetch'd it from Tottenham Court.

Unc. Didst see a Gentlewoman?

Port. A Gentlewoman in a Trunk of Feathers! that were very pretty.

George. Oh, Villain!

Serv. A Gentlewoman at Tottenham Court!

George. I saw many there Sir, and one in Sattin: but they are all upon parting.

Unc.

Unc. I thank you, Sir. Come, let's hasten. (*Exeunt.*)

George. What may this be ! It hath begot new Jealousies.

SCENE II. To them Frank.

And here's new Mischief. Hath the Devil Policy
To prevent Ill ? There's no avoiding him.

Frank. 'Tis he : he hath spy'd me, and his Fears deject
him.

Sweet Constancy, how I could blame the Good
Thy Kindness means me, that hadst rather lose
Thine own white Purity, than stain my Credit
With Spots time cannot wash out. Doubly happy
Shall I be in enjoying her, and punishing
A treacherous Friend.

George. how long have you convers'd with the Frock-
Trade ?

I thought the Smock had been your chief Delight.

George. The Porter waits upon me.

Frank. With Stuffing for your Bed.

George. A light Commodity I bought at Totenham-
Court. Didst ever think I should have been so thrifty to
buy Feathers at the best hand ? When I have us'd them
thoroughly, there are Suburb Upholsterers will give me my
Money again.

Frank. Methinks they are very heavy.

George. Let them alone.

Frank. Have not you stolen mine Hostess's great Brass
Pot she boyled old Marrow-bones in, for the Fat to make
her Cakes with when Butter is scarce ? *Porter*, you shall
carry it along with me.

George. Prithee go back to thy Milk maid.

Frank. Dost thou deride me ? Nay then *Porter* up with
it, or here's a Goad to force you, and let out some of your
Goat's Blood.

George. Thou dar'st not strike a Friend basely.

Frank. Friendship is cancel'd.

Th'ast broke the League that knit over our outward Love:
For in Consent of ill Love's never solid.

Hadst not abus'd that Love with foul Intent,

I would

I would have thank'd thy Pains, which she contriv'd
Only for me t' enjoy her.

George. Is't even so!

You shall hear me, *Frank*. Come hither, Porter,
She hath Legs to walk with you.

Frank. But that I think Disgrace a Punishment
Worthy the Guilt, this instant Hour should give
The wrongs thou didst intend a Satisfaction,
I must be bold, Sweet : mine are no Porters Shoulders.
A Coach waits not far off.

SCENE III. To them Changelove, Stitchwell, Wife.

Lie still a little, here's Company.

George. Let me ruminate.

Stitch. I paid the reckoning, Mr. *Changelove*, and am
sorry for it, I mean the wrong I did you.

Change. 'Twas no Offence : or had it, you have satisfi'd.
I love the Memory of it. 'Twill be a Story
To greet a Ring of Friends with : next I meet
Shall have it all.

Wife. It may pass indeed for a merry one by a good
Fire in Winter, which I love dearly.

Change. A good Fire, Mrs. *Stitchwell*, is Winters arti-
cial Sun, that renews Summer within Doors. I love it.

Wife. With two or three good Companions, and a Gos-
sips Feast.

Change. That's very right. Society is the use
Of Man's best Ornaments. Speech and Discourse
Are Reason's Messengers, that carry Errands
From one Soul to another. I confess
I love good Company.

Stitch. 'Tis a good Exercise to rise in a frosty Morning,
and kill Birds.

Change. You say well, Sir, we that have youthful Blood,
That capers in our Veins, and swells their Concaves
With active warmth, should be inur'd to Hardness.
'Tis healthful, and I love it.

George. I have it. Do you know these, *Frank*?

Frank. Mischief, I must prevent them.

George.

George. You may, if you please, suffer the Porter to pass, and stay your self. Credit is precious: let me enjoy my Sport, your's may be preserv'd. Otherwise, your Trull and you shall both suffer. I am desperately resolute, and will reveal all.

Frank. And I as desperate. Up with it, *Porter.*

Port. Any thing: will you suffer this, Gentleman?

George. Nay then, *Frank.*

(Draw, and a Pass or two.)

Port. Help, help.

Jam. If he be gone, Sweet-heart, let me out. I am almost stifled.

(They take him out of the Trunk.)

Frank. Whence that Voice?

Stitch. The Gentlemen that were in our Company! Let us prevent them. Be not afraid, Wife.

Wife. Alas, I cannot endure such naked Weapons.

Change. What will this come to?

Jam. I beseech ye, Gentlemen, kill me not; I have been sufficiently mortified, and I believe you may smell the Effects of my Fear.

George. Is this the lovely Piece, for whose enjoying I have attempted what by ill Success Makes me ridiculous: yet I swell with Laughter To think how finely she hath gull'd us both, And mock'd our easie Trust.

Frank. Pray, Sir, how came you hither?

Jam. I think upon that Porter's Shoulders.

Frank. But how into this Trunk?

Jam. I'll tell you, Sir, Bargaining for a little Sport with the Gentlewoman, whom I thought to be a Wanton, she posselt me with Fear, (to which Cowardice is always apt, and I must acknowledge in my self) that a Gentleman (one of you two I take it) had dealt with her for her Maiden-head, and that she expected him. He came: and I fearing Lust as well as Love would brook no Rival, made use of this for my Safety. Where being heavy-headed with Ale, I have slept till your Noise wak'd me.

Stitch. An excellent Conceit; how like you it, Wife? This Gentleman cannot endure the Company of Women.

Wife.

Wife. I knew before he did but dissemble : that made me so desirous to try him. There was a Tub at Tottenham; you know the Success of it.

Change. I ever thought, Mrs. *Stitchwell*, that was your own Plot; and I love you dearly for it.

Wife. Love me, Mr. *Changelove*? Take heed my Husband do not dream of it.

Change. That was her Plot too. Now do I see, some Women can counterfeit Wickedness, as well as many dissemble Honesty. Come, Sir, let you and I drown the Memory of our Disasters in a Cup of Sack. *(Exeunt.)*

Wife. You see, Gallants, what Success attends your Enterprizes.

Henceforth account not every City Wife Wanton, that only loves a merry Life.

Stitch. And here's a double Comfort; being wedded, She's neither false, nor am I jealous headed. *(Exeunt.)*

Frank. Accurs'd Credulity. Could not those Doubts I shap'd my Jealousie, preserve my first, And noble Resolution! Had I urg'd it With greater Zeal, she must have forc'd her Reason To understand m' Intention without Practice Of farther Tryal. Now she's lost for ever; Though I should with Submission and Repentance Beg Reconciliation with her Thoughts, (Whose Purity cannot endure to mix With mine that were so foul) she would reject it. I'll back, and try. Lustful Affections hence. My Love's new cloth'd in vertuous Innocence. *(Exit.)*

George. *Frank*, we are Friends: since we have shar'd Disgrace,

We kill all Malice. Henceforth I shall strive To live more chaste. Lust is a gilded Pill, Which Sinful Nature doth prescribe Desire. It mocks the Sence with Pleasure; but at last The shining Outside leaves a bitter Taste. *(Exit.)*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Enter Sam and Slip.*

Sam. But prithee tell me, what's her Condition?

Slip. Womanish. She'll cry when she's angry; laugh when she's tickled, and be sick when she cannot have her own Will.

Sam. I mean her Calling.

Slip. She is call'd *Cicily*.

Sam. Her Profession.

Slip. Not very honest, and yet very honest. She cheats all the World that thinks she is wanton: but you may find by the late Stories, that neither your Aunts nor Cousins can keep their Legs so close.

Sam. Here's Money for thee.

Slip. You are as bountiful as a new made Knight, that courts a City Widow by Attorney for the Officers Fees.

Sam. Prithee tell me how was she born?

Slip. You had best ask the Midwife.

Sam. This Fellow trifles. Is the Keeper thy Master her own Father?

Slip. Should you conjure the Devil into her dead Mother, he might chance to tell you a Lye.

Sam. Is she a Gentlewoman or not?

Slip. She is, and she is not. She is a Gentlewoman as she loves Pride: which makes Gentlewomen apt to fall; especially those of the waiting Form. Then she is no Gentlewoman because——because——

Sam. Prithee, no more.

Slip. 'Tis well you interrupted me, for I had no reason: But Sir, I will bring her to the Bar of your Presence, where she may answer for her self, whilst I convert your bounty into wholesome Nourishment from a black Pot, and have about with mine own sweet Turnip.

Sam. Mine Eye ne'er saw with Aptness to desire
That Beauty could enthrall m' unbounded Thoughts.
With passionate Affection. Yet this piece
Is absolute, and such as cannot chuse
But have a glorious Mind. Love is a Cement
That joyns not earthly parts above, but works

Upon

Upon th' eternal Substance, making one
Of two agreeing Souls. Were she born nobly,
(As surely such Perfections cannot be
The Issue of base Parents) so that Infamy
Might not succeed, here would I fix my Choice.
Besides she's vertuous, and her Education
Beseeming greatness: her discourse; pure language;
Judgment, and full behaviour argue it.

SCENE V. To him Ciceley.

She's come. How like an Angel, as if sent
On some celestial message to the soul
Of a departing Saint. White innocence
Is in each look and feature, as all goodness
Had built their mansion in her. Welcome fair one,
I hope my pardon's seal'd for thus presuming
On what you might call rudeness.

Cice. You have shap't
Needless apology to excuse a guilt,
When none appears. I owe much to your virtue
It doth command my thoughts.

Saw. Which are so glorious,
I must admire the actions that express them.
I hope your judgment doth not call it ill,
That my intemperate anger being grounded
On vertuous suspicions, did transport me
Beyond a moderate passion. I am satisfy'd:
Your innocence hath clear'd my jealousy;
Which was I know instruction to my sister,
And th' only working means that kept her safe.
The Gentleman she loves I find is worthy:
Though his estate through the improvidence
Of a free minded Father, low enough.
My Uncle may repair it: she hath hopes
T' inherit all. And trust me did I love
Where I perceiv'd desert, no inequality
Of fortunes blind additions, birth or state,
Should interpose a let to my enjoying,

Cice.

Cice. Sir, 'tis a noble Resolution,
Pure Love's a Vertue Nature only teacheth;
And's born with generous Spirits that distinguish
The Object truly; slighting those Respects
That work on grosser Minds.

Sam. How she instructs me
In Resolution? Fairest I shall use
None other Circumstance, or paint a Passion
My Reason's Eye allows: though first my Sense
Convey'd the Knowledge of your outward Form,
And full Perfections, which must needs contain
A richer Inside. Vertue seldom dwells
But in a glorious Frame, I love your Goodness;
For that your Beauty. In my new-born Wishes
I have determin'd you the Partner
Of all that's mine. My State's not very mean:
If 'twere, Zeal should supply; I'd strive to merit
The free Gift of your self, and in Exchange
Return my self.

Cice. Sir, I could answer you
With your own words: for I presume your Thoughts
Are noble like your self; unmix'd with Flattery,
Courtships Infection; and the poisonous Breath
That many times doth make pure Love suspected
Whether it be found or plaister'd to deceive
Our credulous Weakness, till it hath possess'd us
With some foul Leprosie. Your Handmaid yields
To what agrees with Honour; if the Meanness
Of her Condition may presume to call
Her honest Credit so.

Sam. How you do bless me:
As suddenly as my Desires could shape
A means to work it? Instantly the Church
Shall seal the Bargain.

Cice. Would not you deliberate
Those Acts are lasting, and concern the Being
Of all your after Life?

Sam. 'Tis Heavens Providence
That hath dispos'd it. Thus I seal my Vows.

SCENE VI. To them Uncle and Tenants.

Cice. And here are Witnesses.

Sam. My Uncle! what makes he here? new Doubts arise.

Unc. See, see; my Thoughts were Prophecy: both here.

Sam. You are welcome to Tottenham Court, Uncle.

Unc. But you're ill come, Cousin. I had thought
Your Judgment had been stronger than to aid
A foolish Sister with your fond Indulgence
In her undoing. She may hide her Face.
My Rage distracts me, and I know not how
To frame th' Induction.

1 Neigh. Why, Sir, this is not Mrs. Bellamie, but another in her Clothes.

Unc. How's that, Knave? hey day! more Plots! Housewife, how came you by these? where's my Niece?

Cice. I am your Niece.

Unc. You my Niece?

Sam. She's my Wife, Uncle.

Unc. Yet more Plots! sure the Parson of Pancras hath been here.

1 Ten. Indeed I have heard he is a notable Joyner.

2 Ten. And Tottenham Court Ale pays him Store of Tithes.
It causeth questionless much unlawful coupling.

Unc. Pray where's your Sister? I'll not fright her
With many Threats, but mildly work her Reason
To understand her Errors; and prevent
Her Ruin with Dissuasions. Cose she's lost:
My Love and Care made useless.

Sam. Is she married, Sir?

Unc. Yea; that's my greatest Fear, she's past Recovery.
Woman, whate'er you are, you have some hand in't:
These were her Clothes.

SCENE VII. To them Worthgood, Bellamie, Keeper.

Cice. Let her self satisfy,
If Passion hath not made you too incapable.

Bell. Alas, mine Uncle.

Unc.

Unc. Killing spectacle.

Come from his arms : if any force restrain thee

But thine own treeness (which I most do fear)

I will reveng't with laws extremity.

Come from his arms I say.

Bella. Uncle I owe

You many duties. One from natures precepts ;

And moral gratitude for your great love

Instructs me in another : but necessity

In this compels a vertuous disobedience.

Unc. Girl he's a beggar. He had a prodigal father

That spent all e're he dyed : his whole estate

Depends but on the love of a rich Uncle ;

And that's uncertain.

Wor. Pray upbraid me not

With a dead mans misfortune. I have been

A Soldier, and perhaps am apt to anger.

Unc. Threaten your fill, Sir, so my Neece forsake you.

Sam. Kind Uncle, call not poverty a sin.

Wealth's but the gloss and outside of desert.

And for my Sister, since she loves this Gentleman,

She hath some portion left her ; your estate

Would be a fair addition : but the loves

Of Uncles are uncertain. The truth is,

I love this maid : she's but this Keepers daughter ;

Yet I would marry her, please her good Father

To be consenting.

Keep. Blessings unexpected.

If she be willing. She's a poor girl Sir.

Sam. She's richer than the Indies.

Unc. Shall mine age

Be curs'd to this misfortune. I'll build hospitals ;

Where wooden legs and lazy hypocrites

Shall be mine heirs.

2 Ten. And the Devil your Executor.

Unc. They scorn my easiness.

I should have rag'd, and from a furious anger

Sent threats, not calm intreaties.

Keep. That would likewise

Have been as useless. I conceive such joy

At these events, they almost have confounded
My preparations to begin the Story
Reserv'd to crown all. First do you embrace
A natural Sister.

Wort. Mine own Sister, sir,
Suppos'd to have dy'd an infant !

Cice. I still thought it
By an instinct.

Keep. This is *Cicilia Worthgood*,
Whom my Wife nurs'd when both your Parents dy'd.
I have been careful of her education
Well as her person ; though my love conceal'd
The knowledge of her self still from her self,
Least I should lose her : being th' only comfort
I wish'd from providence : Such was the duty
With which I honour'd your dead Ancestors
That brought me up.

Unc. Sir, this concerns not me.

Keep. It doth your Nephew, to whose loves imbract
I next commend her, and a portion too.
She shall inherit something that hath been
Stor'd from my care ; nor hath her industry
Wanted a share.

Cice. Still let me call you Father ;
Whose love deserves it for my preservation,
And after being.

Wort. What a knot of fortunes
Is here unty'd. Oh let me wear you ever
Upon my heart with these. *Enter Servant hastily,*
Mine Uncles servant ! What new accident ?

Ser. Oh Sir, never was endeavour so tir'd. But I am
glad I have found you. Your Uncle's dead, and hath made
you his heir.

Unc. Ha, ha ! is't come about ! nay then ; are you mar-
ried neece ? if not, about it presently whilst 'tis morning.
Thou shalt be mine heir likewise : love him ; lye with him ;
get boys, and any thing now ; you have my consent.

Totenham Court.

To them Frank.

Bell. And now I owe you Duty.

Frank. With what Impudence
Shall I apparel my prepar'd Excuse,
To make it pass? What mean so many People?
I am return'd to chide your cruel Practice,
That mock't my Vertue into wicked Frailty;
And an abus'd Belief: I am your Convert;
And come with more than Sorrow, Satisfaction,
Let not the Memory of my past Errors
Pervert your Thoughts into a worse Opinion
Of my reclaiming, than if ill Intent
Had ne'er express'd themselves.

Worth. What means that Gentleman?

Bell. He's one of those that — (Whisper)

Cic. If you'll have my Maidenhead,
A Husband's Leave is light.

Saw. As your Commodity:
How do you like it, Sir?

Enter Host.

Frank. They will abuse me
Into a Madness. Farewel vertuous Maid,
And bless his Bed deserves thee. Here I banish
All after-thoughts of Women, but I admire
The Goodness makes them perfect, since such were
Added to be Man's only Comfort here.

Keep. Most opportunely, Widows I have solicited long;
and if you will now consent, let's bear these Company.

Host. With all my Heart.

Keep. Why then to Pancreas each with his lov'd Consort;
And make it Holy-day at Totenham-Court.

The End of the Fifth ACT.

FINIS.

THE
EPILOGUE,
By the Hostess.

A Gain y're welcome. There's no more to pay
But your kind Liking. Tapster, take away.
If you deny't, as due for such mean Cheer;
And say your first paid Reckoning was too dear;
I beg it as a Bounty. If I win
Your kind Commends, 'twill bring more Custom in.
When others fill'd Rooms with Neglect disdain ye;
My little House (with Thanks) shall entertain ye.
And if such Guests would daily make it shine,
Our Poet should no more drink Ale, but Wine.

J. D.
1789 -
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